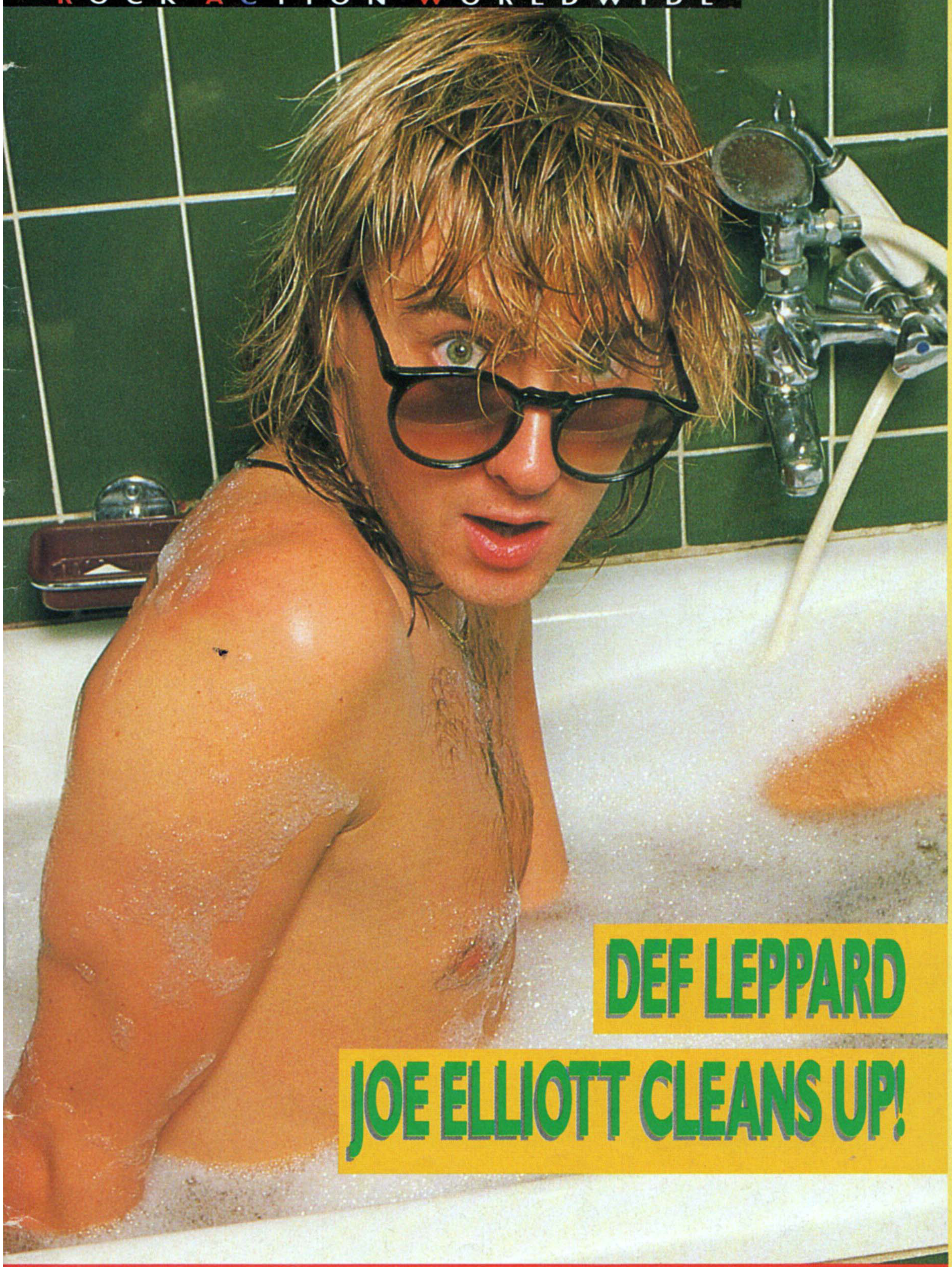
RAW

ROCK ACTION WORLDWIDE

No. 13
FEBRUARY 21-
MARCH 6
£1



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FRONT COVER PHOTO: JOE ELLIOTT: ROSS HALFIN

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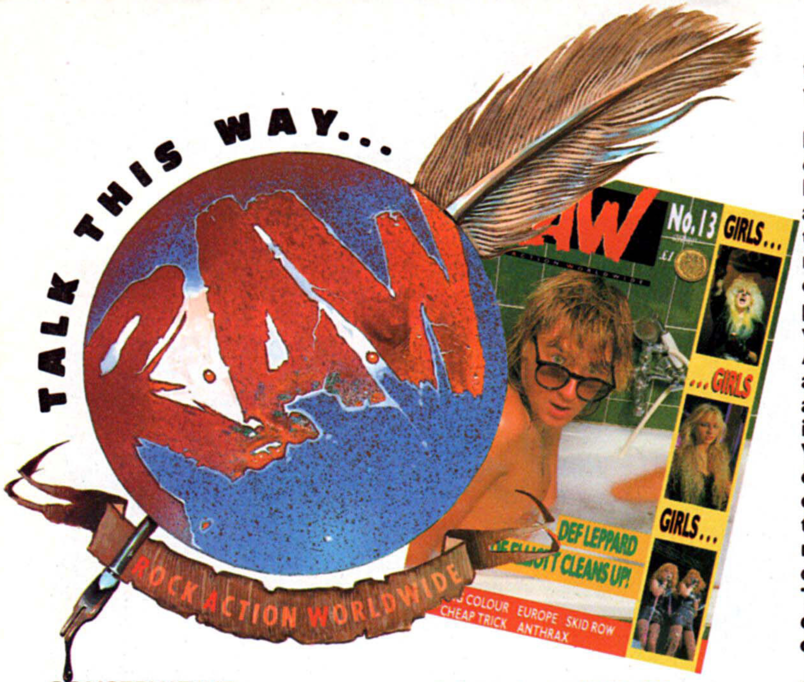
TALK THIS WAY...



CONSERVATIVE, MAINSTREAM thinking still rules the music industry. The recently held American Music Awards proved that to me quite conclusively, indicating how certain individuals can easily re-write history with the media's full co-operation.

At one point Gene Simmons of Kiss was asked to present the award for 'Best Heavy Metal Band' and he looked back on the history of HM. He went from Cream to Led Zeppelin, onto Aerosmith, and from there straight up to the modern day. There were a lot of omissions, of course, but I was *particularly* amazed by the fact that he could leave out people like Jimi Hendrix, Willie Dixon and Sly Stone.

Basically, Hendrix and Sly Stone took music and gave it not only a new sound, but also a new look which endures today even in the heaviest of Metal. 'Whole Lotta Love', one of Zeppelin's early hits (1968), was based on a Willie Dixon song and it took many years for Mr. Dixon to be recognised and compensated for his work.

The value of popular award shows is dubious even in the best of circumstances, but it's still worrying to see a situation where awards of that type are televised and can therefore have a profound effect on people whose tools of objectivity may perhaps be lacking.

Recently, the power of the televised media has added a bizarre twist to the ongoing career of Living Colour through the airing of the 'Cult Of Personality' video on MTV and other such video channels. There has been a dramatic increase in our record sales and general visibility in the States; we are starting to play larger halls, which is certainly gratifying, but what's ironic is that quite a few of our new fans are so intense about the song 'Cult Of Personality' that they are becoming victims of what it actually *warns* about!

We've always wanted to build a *new* type of audience — one not so concerned with the boundaries of musical genres and racial categories, one that's interested in forging new alliances, musical and otherwise — and for the most part we believe this is working. At our recent Atlanta show, for example, the audience was 50 per cent black and 50 per cent white, taking in all ages and musical tastes. What concerns us is the emergence of a small number of people who may be missing the social implications of our music and simply making an exception for Living Colour. They like the band, but that doesn't alter their racial conceptions.

It's important to us that Living Colour is *not* seen as separate and apart from black culture, but is rather a child of it in much the same way as Hendrix, Sly Stone and Willie Dixon are.

The perception of rock as *solely* white music is not going to change overnight unless you begin to do something about it at a fundamental stage in an individual's development. In this respect, it's important for bands like us, Fishbone and the Bad Brains to play to audiences of all ages rather than confining ourselves to shows for the over-18s.

Something I find increasingly frightening is the way 'social consciousness' has become a commercial buzzword because of the popularity of people like Tracey Chapman and Michelle Shocked, plus the involvement of Sting and Bruce Springsteen in last year's Amnesty tour. Certainly, it's wonderful that Sting and Springsteen have got involved, but 'social consciousness' could become a type of industry sub-genre that will be fashionable for a while and then suddenly fall from grace. On the other hand, maybe Billy Bragg will now get the platinum record he so richly deserves.

Ultimately, it's important for people to understand how the strings are pulled, how things are manipulated behind the scenes in what is an era of Orwellian doublespeak. In this climate, where Reagan has already proved that anything can become the 'truth' and where the past can be altered at every step, it's going to be interesting to see what the 1990s will throw up. The '90s could be the era of the great slide leading to the decline of society and its infra-structure as so richly depicted in the novels of William Gibson, or it could see the onset of what Patti Smith has described as 'People Power'.

In musical terms, although the mainstream will become more disposable than ever, the Underground will continue to thrive. Where both will cross will also be interesting. It's truly important that bands and artists such as The Beatnigs, A. R. Kane, Offra Haza, De La Soul and King's X continue to develop.

In many ways, what we do in the business and in our art will be a mirror of things to come.

VERNON REID (LIVING COLOUR)

REID: "THE UNDERGROUND WILL CONTINUE TO SURVIVE"

FISHBONE: DUE TO TOUR HERE IN MARCH

THE FUTURE REVEALED . . .

BIGGER ISSUES:

As from Issue 14 (due out on MARCH 7) RAW will be at least 64 pages. More colour, more pics, more scandalous Barney Blagger B★★★★★★t, which should certainly put a smile on the face of Femme Fatale's Lorraine Lewis as we understand she's been waiting for the Big One . . .

FREE FLEXI DISC HOLDER:

Cross our palms with silver (£1 to you) for Issue 14 and affixed to the cover you'll find an exclusive holder for your 'RAW CUTS' flexi discs. Ozzy and Helloween launched the series on Issues 1 & 2 of RAW, and now there's . . .

THREE MORE FLEXIS:

It's no lie; Issues 15, 16 & 17 of RAW will each come complete with a FREE flexi disc, 'RAW CUTS' 3, 4 & 5 in fact. We won't tell you just yet whose gonna supply the music, but rest assured there will be NO drop in quality or stature.

In other words, you don't need a Bruce Dickinson-endorsed crystal skull to tell you that the future looks bright and beautiful (and flexible). Only, uh, make sure you keep away from tall dark strangers (Sisters Of Mercy fans excepted) . . .

SQUIER GETS INTO CANNIBALISM

AOR hero returns after two-year absence

BILLY SQUIER is back in action. And determined "To come back stronger than ever. That's why I've been taking my time with this new LP."

It's been a long time since the dulcet tones of American Polydecibel autocrat Squier were heard hammering down new product to the turntables of the Hard Rock world. In the man's own words, "It's been two years and some change since my last LP, 'Enough Is Enough', was put out (1986). But I've deliberately kept a low profile this time around, which is unusual for me, and worked on the record until I felt it was *completely* right."

The album in question is titled '**Cannibal Walk**' and should be issued by Capitol Records during the Spring. It was co-produced by Squier with **Godfrey Diamond** at The Power Station Studios in New York and the full track listing is as follows: 'Rock Out, Punch Somebody', 'Stronger' (co-written by Squier and **Desmond Child**), 'Don't Say You Love Me', 'Don't Let Me Go', 'Tied Up' (again a Squier/Child composition), 'I Put A Spell On You', 'G.O.D.', 'Mine Tonight', 'The Work Song' and 'Your Love Is My Life'.

The album inevitably features contributions from Squier's regular band over the past several years, namely drummer **Bobby Chouinard**, guitarist **Jeff Golub**, bassist **Mark Clarke** and keyboardsman **Alan St. Jon**. This foursome appear on half the material, with St. Jon and Clarke being joined by **Anton Fig** (drums) and **John McCurrie** (guitar) for the remainder of the tracks. To date, though, the main man isn't sure about the make-up of his touring band, although he hopes that the Chouinard/Clarke/St. Jon/Golub axis will remain intact.

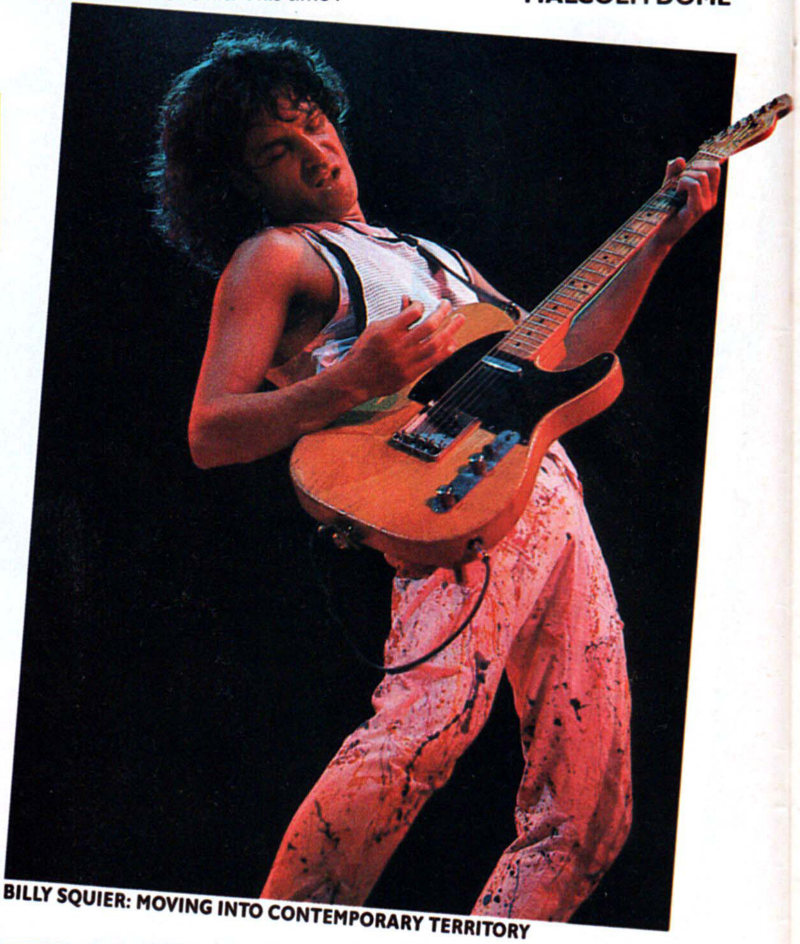
"They've been with me for so long and we've built up such a rapport that I really would like to tour with them again. But at this stage, nothing is cast in stone."

As for the style of this particular record, Squier states: "The best way of describing this LP is that it takes the style of 'Don't Say No' (his second record, released in 1981) and updates it to 1989!"

"For me 'Cannibal Walk' is certainly a departure; in the past I've gone into the studio with all the songs worked out and just put them down in one hit. This time I went in for seven months, did an entire LP's worth of material — and promptly scrapped *half* of it because it wasn't good enough. So I then had to start all over again. This 'stop-start' approach is totally alien to me. But as I said, this is a very important record in my career and I have to make sure that everything about it is right. That's why I'm now taking my time and ensuring I get the proper back-up in terms of label support and the correct managerial representation."

Billy Squier is responsible for some of the best rock records of the Eighties ('Don't Say No' and 'Sign Of The Times' — the latter put out in '84 — immediately spring to mind). It's gratifying to know that further evidence of his vast talents is only a blink away.

MALCOLM DOME



BILLY SQUIER: MOVING INTO CONTEMPORARY TERRITORY

SHY BOYS

GREAT WHITE are to issue their latest album, **'Twice Shy'**, through the Capitol label in the US on April 12; as yet no release date has been set for the UK. Co-produced by keyboardsman/rhythm guitarist **Michael Lardie** and the group's manager **Alan Niven** at Total Access Studios in Los Angeles, the full track listing is:

Side One: 'Move It', 'Slow Ride', 'Heart The Hunter', 'Hiway Nights' and 'The Angel Song' (a ballad).

Side Two: 'Mista Bone', 'Baby's On Fire', 'House Of Broken Love' (a bluesy number), 'She Only' and 'Once Bitten, Twice Shy'.

The band will be touring across the US for much of the Summer and hope to come to the UK to play some dates later in the year, at which point the record should be issued officially over here.

GREAT WHITE (L-R): MARK KENDALL, JACK RUSSELL, AUDIE DESBROW, MICHAEL LARDIE AND TONI MONTANA

FACE TO FACE

SHOUT, THE Christian Metal band from Los Angeles, have announced the names of the 'special guest' guitar players who appear on the title track of their **'In Your Face'** LP, due out on the Music For Nations label in May.

These include **Lanny Cordola** of **House Of Lords** (he also contributed some work on their debut album, 'It Won't Be Long'), **Marty Friedman** of **Cacophony, Randy Hansen** (renowned **Hendrix** impersonator!), **Michaelangelo** and **Joey Price** of local LA act **Thunderball**.

The complete track listing for the album will comprise: 'Borderline', 'When The Love Is Gone', 'Give Me An Answer', 'It's All I Need', 'Getting Ready', 'In Your Face', 'Faith, Hope And Love', 'Getting On With Life', 'Waiting For You' and 'Ain't Giving Up'. The band will be playing some UK shows around the time of release.

SHOUT (L-R): JO GALLETTA, LAUREN ROBINSON, KEN TAMPLIN AND CHUCK KING

CRÜE & POISON READY FOR FESTIVE ACTION?

MÖTLEY CRÜE have emerged as the hot favourites to appear second on the bill at this year's Castle Donington Monsters Of Rock festival.

Whitesnake, as extensively reported in **RAW**, are the expected headline act this year, and whilst it initially appeared that **Heart** would occupy the 'Special Guest' slot, it was then decided that the Donington audience would not be the right one for the melodic quintet. Instead, negotiations have opened up with the Crüe camp, and although things are far from confirmed it does seem a strong possibility that **Nikki Sixx** (bass), **Mick Mars** (guitar), **Vince Neil** (vocals) and **Tommy Lee** (drums) will accept this spot.

This would coincide with the release of the band's latest studio album, details for which appeared in *Hard News* Issue 11.

In addition, it would seem that **Poison** are probables to occupy either the third or fourth position on the bill, thereby making their first onstage appearance in the UK. Another act being considered for the festival are **Cinderella**.

POISON (L-R): CC DEVILLE, BOBBY DALL, BRET MICHAELS AND RIKKI ROCKETT

MÖTLEY CRÜE BASSIST NIKKI SIXX: READY FOR A MONSTER MASH?

COMPANY OF WOLVES

LEATHERWOLF: BACK ON THE STREETS AGAIN

LEATHERWOLF RELEASE their second album for the Island label, **'Street Ready'**, on March 6.

Produced by **Kevin Beamish**/mixed by **Michael Wagener**, the full track listing is as follows:

Side One: 'Thunder', 'Hideaway', 'Too Much', 'Lonely Road' and 'Spirits In The Wind'.

Side Two: 'Wicked Ways', 'Street Ready', 'The Way I Feel', 'Take A Chance' and 'Black Knight'.

The band's line-up is **Michael Olivera** (vocals/guitar), **Carey Howe/Geoffrey Gayer** (guitar), **Dean Roberts** (drums) and **Paul Carmen** (bass).

PRIESTLY BLESSING FROM THE KING

KING DIAMOND have recruited drummer **Christopher Whitemyer** as a replacement for the recently departed **Mikkey Dee**. The band are presently in California (their new base of operations) writing material for their next album, which is expected to be another concept piece bringing the story begun on last year's 'Them' album to its conclusion.

To date, it's not known who will produce the new project and no decision is expected for at least a couple of months. However the LP (as yet untitled) should be released through the Roadrunner label during August. In the meantime vocalist **King Diamond** himself and guitarist **Andy La Roque** are collaborating on the soundtrack for a forthcoming horror movie titled **'Boggs'**.

The film is set to go into production during late February in Florida. It tells the story of a nasty TV evangelist who apparently isn't all human! It's being directed by **Alex Rosenberg** and King Diamond will be making a cameo appearance as a priest — *without* his usual make-up.

KING DIAMOND: SET TO BECOME A MAN OF THE CLOTH!

BOBBY ROCK, the former drummer with the **Vinnie Vincent Invasion**, will not be joining Los Angeles band **Brunette** on a permanent basis. Rock has recently been helping out the group, but it has now been mutually agreed that he won't be linking up with them in the future.

Rock, for the forseeable future, intends to remain unattached, working on sessions as and when asked to do so. He recently completed work on the debut album from LA act **Nitro** (also featuring guitarist **Michael Angelo** and vocalist **Jim Gillette**). However, this was no more than a guest spot.

BONHAM IS the name of the new band formed by ex-**Airrace/Virginia Woolf/** current **Jimmy Page** band drummer **Jason Bonham**. The band consists of **Ian 'Strat' Hatton** (guitar — previously in early incarnations of Jimmy Page and **Robert Plant**'s occasional band, **The Honeydrippers**), **John Smithson** (keyboards/bass — formerly in **The Mobiles**) and vocalist **Paul 'Naff' Rafferty** (ex-**Rhode Island Red** and recruited following the unavailability of **Joe Lynn Turner**), as well as Bonham himself.

The four-piece have co-written all the material and intend to start recording their debut album (titled **'The Disregard Of Timekeeping'**) at an as-yet unspecified Los Angeles studio. Various 'name' producers are currently being touted to work on the project. The LP is tentatively scheduled for release through the newly created WTG label (with distribution via CBS) during July.

The tracks so far set for inclusion include: 'Guilty', 'Don't Walk Away', 'Just Another Day' (possibly the first single). Other numbers currently bear working titles such as 'No More Bits Please We're British' and 'Cashier' (a skit on the classic **Led Zep** song, 'Kashmir', due to the Eastern flavour of the tune) with the musical direction being described by Bonham himself as "Zeppelin with choruses".

Concerning Bonham's continuing involvement with Page it appears that he will be featured on the next solo album from the former Zeppelin legend, with the possibility of the famed guitarist also appearing on the '... Timekeeping' album.

WHITE LION release a new single titled 'When The Children Cry' through the Atlantic label on March 13.

ACCEPT HAVE recruited English guitarist **Jim Stacey**, a former member of **Breakpoint**. The band's latest studio album, **'Eat To The Heat'**, will be issued shortly through the Epic label. For full details see *Hard News* last issue.

MISSING IN ACTION: ICON

DAN WEXLER: FINALLY GETTING STRONG LABEL BACKING

THEY SHOULD have been huge. **Icon**. The Phoenix power-rockers who came racing across the Hard Rock universe like a cataclysmic platoon of sonic reducers force-fed on **Mike Tyson**'s personal hormonal rampage. It was 1984. The album was simply called 'Icon'. An import on the Capitol label. Bliss.

A year later, out popped 'Night Of The Crime'. September. Again on Capitol. Slightly more reserved, but nonetheless an excellent effort. As with its predecessor, 'Night . . .' hit hard but to little avail. The label lacked the will to make things happen. The band disappeared. Never to be heard from again . . . until now!

For Icon are back. A new deal has been struck with the Megaforce organisation, a new LP is being recorded. Things are blossoming again in Phoenix. And no-one is more relieved than Icon guitarist **Dan Wexler**.

"Oh God, the last few years have been an unbelievable experience. Where do I start to explain?!"

So, let's get a few facts down on paper. The first blow to hit the boys came on July 3, 1985 ("I remember the date so vividly," recalls Wexler) when lead vocalist **Steve Clifford** quit. The remaining fellas then spent an age "auditioning hundreds of potential singers looking for the right replacement. But we couldn't find the perfect, wildly powerful guy. So we took on **Jerry Harrison**, who was the nearest we could find to our *ideal* vocalist."

Thus armed, Icon then showcased for Capitol in an effort to persuade the powers-that-be at the company that they were worth backing. The ploy failed. The label dropped the act.

"To be honest, Capitol *never* did anything for us. They were *never* interested in Icon. Do you know we sold *40,000 copies* of 'Night Of The Crime' in the US during the *first month* of release? Yet Capitol failed to take advantage of this base. Mind you, a lot of it was also down to our lame management (**Peter Morticelli**, who also briefly handled affairs for **Wrathchild** UK; he no longer represents either act)."

So without a deal, Icon set about resurrecting their career. They recorded new demos during early '86 and released these in tape form locally during '87 under the title of **'More Perfect Union'**. The new songs saw the band alter their direction, heading towards a decidedly wimpier style, something Wexler vigorously fought.

"We'd had such bad luck playing Heavy Metal that most of the guys in the band wanted to change. I was completely against this from the start, but was outvoted. The upshot was that the tape didn't sell at all well and the others realised that I'd been right all along — the new direction was totally wrong."

At this point, enter Megaforce, specifically Vice-President **Ed Trunk**. He began a two-year dialogue with the band, which ended recently with the aforementioned deal being inked. And now they're preparing a new album. As yet untitled, it's being produced by Wexler himself at Chaton Recorders in Phoenix (just down the road from the guitarist's house — convenient) and should be out on May 1, with distribution through Atlantic.

Joining Wexler on the project are Harrison plus original members **Pat Dixon** (drums) and **Tracy Wallach** (bass). Long-time associate **Kevin Stoler** will be guesting on keyboards, and there's also a possibility that a second guitarist will be added. This final piece of the jigsaw might well be original Icon axeman **John Aquilino**, who left soon after the Capitol debacle in '86.

Some 12 songs are to be recorded, before the final choice is made, and among those numbers set to be whacked out are: 'Forever Young' (written in 1986), 'Take My Breath Away', 'Running Under Fire', 'Two For The Road', 'Bad Times', 'Sweet Young Sinner', 'Holy Man's War', 'Right Between The Eyes' and 'Gold Bullets'.

The album will be mixed in Los Angeles and, says Wexler, "It's gonna be rock 'n' roll dripping with 'f★★k you'! The LP will have the hardness of that debut record coupled with some of the better elements from 'Night . . .'. And I tell ya, Megaforce are so into this project. It's great at last to be involved with people who really believe in us."

Most bands would have given up after all the disappointments of the past few years. Fortunately, Icon are made of sterner stuff. I still cherish warm memories of their debut effort. I look forward to the new product with antici . . . pation!

MALCOLM DOME

MEET THE GANG

ROXX GANG are to issue their debut album, **'Things You've Never Done Before'**, through the Virgin label during March in the US. Produced by **Beau Hill**/ engineered by **Joel Stoner** at the Enterprise Recording Studio in Burbank, California, the full track listing is:

Side One: 'Scratch My Back', 'No Easy Way Out', 'Race With The Devil', 'Red Rose' and 'Live Fast, Die Young'.

Side Two: 'Too Cool For School', 'Ball & Chain', 'Fastest Gun', 'Nine Lives' and 'I Need Your Sex'.

The band — **Kevin Steele** (lead vocals), **Wade Hayes/Jeff Clark** (guitar), **David James Blackshire** (drums) and **Roby Strine** (bass) — recently shot a video for 'No Easy Way Out', the first US single, with director **Nigel Dick**, whose past credits include both **Guns n' Roses** and **Britny Fox**.

As mentioned back in issue 10, the Florida outfit caused something of a stir at their label, Virgin, when they submitted the photo *they* wanted to see on the cover of their album; apparently, it showed a young girl leaning over a water fountain in a park, her skirt hitched up at the back, and a Great Dane on a leash looking all set to mount her.

Says a philosophical Kevin Steele: "Virgin have something of a reputation for being quite liberal on these matters . . . I guess they're just not into bestiality!!"

A group shot of the band will now appear on the sleeve.

ROXX GANG WITH PRODUCER HILL (EXTREME LEFT) AND ENGINEER STONER. VOCALIST KEVIN STEELE IS STANDING WITH HIS ARMS FOLDED

VENOM ARE back in action. After a lengthy hiatus, the Newcastle-based band have signed a new three-album/six-figure deal with Music For Nations.

The group will shortly begin work on an LP with producer **Nick Tauber** at The New Marquee Studios in London. The record is to be titled **'Prime Evil'** and will feature ten tracks, including the following: 'Prime Evil', 'Snake In The Grass', 'Dreamscape' and 'Tomb Of The Unknown Soldier'.

As for the band's new line-up, this remains undecided at present. Bassist/vocalist **Cronos** was fired from the outfit, along with guitarists **Jim H.** and **Mike C.** This threesome now intend to go under the band name of **Cronos**.

All of which leaves Abaddon as the only full-time member of Venom at this point in time. However, all the songs for the new LP will be co-written by the sticksman with **Mantas**, Venom's original guitarist. The six-stringer left Venom to embark on a solo career, recently issuing a solo album through the Neat/ Roadrunner label titled 'Winds Of Change'. He has also put together his own band featuring vocalist **Pete Harrison**, guitarist **Al Barnes** and drummer **Mark Salvage** (who is also working with guitar prodigy **Thomas McLaughlin**). Mantas intends to recruit both a bassist and keyboards player for touring purposes.

Yet, despite these solo plans (which also include the release of a mini album called **'Raging Thunder'**, currently in production at Impulse Studios in Wallsend, and the issuing of a single — 'Deceiver' — on April 10), Mantas will play on the 'Prime Evil' LP and also tour with Venom. The name of the band's new bassist/vocalist, though, has yet to be confirmed. Stay tuned for more information as soon as we get it.

COLIN JAMES:

THERE'S A small kernel of doubt nestling in the darker corners of my mind that says: **Colin James** is a lunatic. He *must* be. After all, whatever possesses a young man — he has now assumed the mighty age of 24 — from Saskatchewan, Canada, to believe that the world wants or even needs his kind of rock 'n' roll?

Well, I'm buggered if I know, but the man certainly comes armed with an impressive welter of rave reviews from his home press. But what do the Canadian yokels understand about rock 'n' roll? I mean, cuh!

So I check the album out. His debut self-titled album that hit the racks last year . . . and stayed there raising the same excitement amongst us seasoned hacks as a double live album of mongolian yak bleats. Now Virgin have relaunched it. So what? I mean, anyone can make a good album these days. Soap stars can get to Number One! Don't mean a Goddamn thing.

So I check him out, live, the acid test. Me and maybe a hundred others at London's Borderline club. The place isn't packed, but it's comfortably clustered, enough not to be embarrassing anyway. But then, who the hell knows this guy from Adam, anyway?

Nine people once turned up to the Hope & Anchor pub in Islington to see a brash young Irish band called **U2**. Now those nine people have swelled to about 900, but for the *genuine* nine it'll be something they can tell their grandchildren about. Now, I'm not suggesting that seeing Colin James at Borderline will have quite the same resonance, but I'd file it alongside seeing **The Rainmakers** at the Sir George Robey in Finsbury Park. You just KNOW this band is destined for bigger things. Not only that, but the live show confirms all your best hopes about the album and dispels all your worst fears that it might all be hype. Hey, we all have to be right sometime.

At the Borderline I watch Colin James give a masterful exhibition of passionate blues and scorching rock 'n' roll more redolent, it has to be said, of the Fifties — or at least, what *I imagine* it was like in the Fifties — than the state of the art. But then that doesn't really matter because the wares Colin James has out on display are probably timeless. But I ask him anyway. Isn't what he's doing just a little anachronistic?

"Yes, there is always that worry," he admits, "but I prefer that to playing fluff!"

PIC CHARLIE BEST

COLIN JAMES: EXTRAORDINARILY GIFTED

Colin James is soft-spoken yet animated, modest yet confident. He may be suffering from his first *ever* experience of jet-lag, but he isn't about to let that destroy his enjoyment of this brief visit to the Shangri-la of modern music.

"This is my first time in London," he tells me later. "I've always dreamed of coming here and I still can't get over it!"

Ahh, the innocence of youth. And talking of youth . . .

Colin James began strumming a guitar at eight years old and was playing in bands at 13. "I quit school at Grade 10" (that's 15 years old, folks) citing **Jackie Wilson**, **Howlin' Wolf** and **Willie Dixon** as reasons for leaving. When I put it to him that at his age he ought to be playing disco music instead of rock, he retorts:

"I would DIE first!"

The guy is a true-blue believer in the spirit of rock 'n' roll. His career took an upward swing when he was asked to support **Stevie Ray Vaughan** on his Canadian dates and later in the US. Eventually, he was snapped up by the nascent Virgin America company, collected a band around him and "thought I'd better write some songs."

But it's his background that most intrigues me. How did a young Canadian end up playing the Blues? His parents, I discovered, are Quakers. But how does this tally with wanting to play rock music? After all, rock and religion have never been easy bedfellows . . .

"My parents were 'beatniks'. In the late Fifties a lot of experimentation was going on in Canada and my parents were listening to a great deal of jazz and eventually they became folk music fanatics. But with the Quakers I grew up with a lot of interesting people and my parents took to the Quakers because they didn't push any *definite* religious philosophy."

So basically they were hippies, people who "were really mad at **Bob Dylan** for going electric!" But Colin James developed a fascination with music that he was later to develop into the hybrid of Metal, Blues and Soul he plays today. His rise to prominence on the Canadian scene has been meteoric. Britain may yet prove tougher, but this man has such charm and plays with such passion, commitment and skill that I really can't see how Britain can fail to come under his spell.

Watching Colin James at the Borderline I see a man just paring at the surface of his talent yet playing with a confidence and certainty beyond his years. It's not often you can believe the rave reviews from across the Atlantic but, hell, there's always a first time.

Colin James is an extraordinarily gifted singer/guitarist/songwriter. I think we'll be hearing a lot more from him . . . and that IS a welcome prospect.

DAVE DICKSON

MESSIN' WITH THE BLUES

THE FIRST ALBUM

KING

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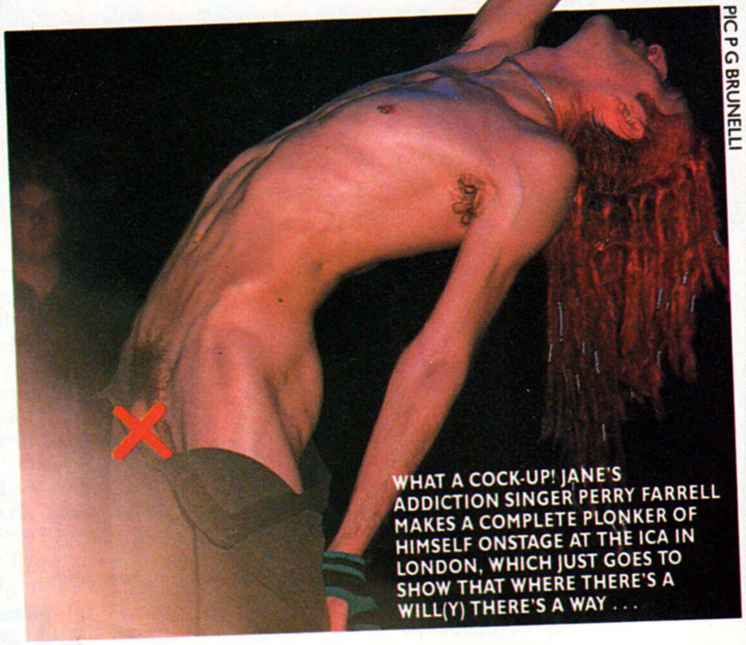


PIC P G BRUNELLI

WHAT A COCK-UP! JANE'S ADDICTION SINGER PERRY FARRELL MAKES A COMPLETE PLONKER OF HIMSELF ONSTAGE AT THE ICA IN LONDON, WHICH JUST GOES TO SHOW THAT WHERE THERE'S A WILL(Y) THERE'S A WAY . . .

PIC TONY MOTTRAM

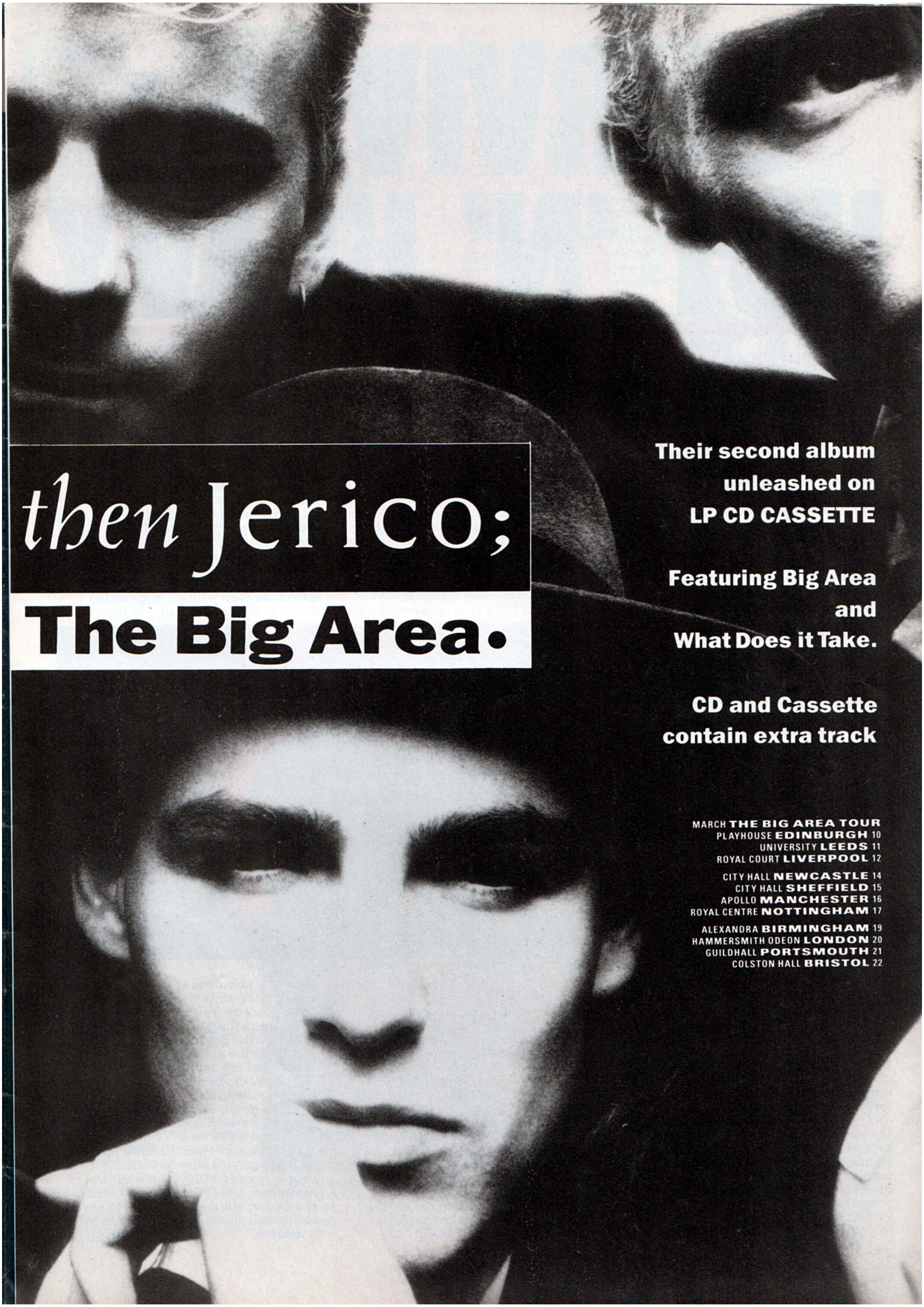
HERE WE SPOT CIRCUS OF POWER PRACTISING THEIR RENOWNED FIVE-MAN HUMAN PYRAMID. PLEASE NOTE THAT THREE OF THE BAND MEMBERS ARE CAUGHT HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS ON THE IDEA. WE'RE ALSO MOST IMPRESSED BY THAT VERY NICE AXMINSTER-APPROVED CARPET . . .

HERE WE SPOT THOSE EXTREMELY NICE CHAPS FROM WRATHCHILD CHATTING ANIMATEDLY TO THEIR VIDEO DIRECTOR BRUCE 'ALFRED HITCH-*WHO!*' DICKINSON (YEAH, *THAT* ONE) ON LOCATION IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE. BROOCIE BABE MANNED THE CAMERAS FOR THE VIDEO TO ACCOMPANY IMMINENT 'CHILD SINGLE 'NUCLEAR ROCKET', TAKING THE BOYZ ON LOCATION ACROSS LONDON . . .

PIC TONY MOTTRAM

. . . FIVE HOURS LATER WE SEE VOCALIST ALEX MITCHELL ATTEMPTING TO STOP HIS SKIN FALLING OFF AS HIS MICROPHONE COMES TO LIFE AND TRIES TO INSERT ITSELF INTO HIS UNWELCOMING ORIFICE.

. . . AND HERE'S BRUCE'S AUNTIE MABEL (ON THE RIGHT), WHO ALSO DECIDED TO GET IN ON THE ACT. DUNNO ABOUT THIS 'PEAGE' MOB, THOUGH; WHICH LABEL ARE *THEY* SIGNED TO?!



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ROYAL CENTRE NOTTINGHAM 17
ALEXANDRA BIRMINGHAM 19
HAMMERSMITH ODEON LONDON 20
GUILDHALL PORTSMOUTH 21
COLSTON HALL BRISTOL 22

SURVIVOR: HOT 'N' HEAVY

FRANKIE SULLIVAN is not a happy man right now. He's not desperately depressed either, but press the appropriate buttons and he's ready to spill out his dissatisfaction with **Survivor**'s state of survival.

There was a time when Survivor were perceived as one of the more promising rock bands coming out of America, part of the burgeoning second wave of US rock that promised to pursue the greats of the late '70s into the '80s, and when they hit big with the undeniably genuine Hard Rock class of 'Eye Of The Tiger', things looked promising indeed. Number One singles don't always guarantee everything's going to be fine though.

After all, let's face it, the rest of the '. . . Tiger' album was a pretty paltry affair and paled against the ensuing 'Caught In The Game' LP, but 'Caught . . .' failed to emulate its predecessor's sales, and evidently moves were made to put the band back at Number One. So, rather than allowing them to continue in their chosen groove it would seem that external forces were brought to bear, sucking the band into a spiral of degeneration which they are only now attempting to break out of.

Sure, the reconstruction disc, 'Vital Signs,' was a platinum hit, but it wasn't the hard rocking Survivor that brought home the bacon but a sappy shadow instead, and in attempting to emulate something they evidently didn't believe in anway they gave us the 'When Seconds Count' album — and frankly, we gave it back!

However, new LP 'Too Hot To Sleep' (produced by **Frank Filipetti**) marks a genuine regeneration of Survivor. Only one real ballad out of ten tunes, Sullivan's corporately brief coiffure transformed into a rocker's mane, and a substantial dose of guitar-powered rock permeating the whole album, with real guts instead of polite interludes to stop you falling asleep — too hot to sleep indeed. Fortunately, Sullivan wasn't about to speak in clichés either, and had some surprisingly — and gratifyingly — forthright things to say.

"I think we've always rocked out, but the media and the industry have placed so much more emphasis on the lighter side of the band. It's been a real problem for us but you can't afford to give up, you have to continue and do your best.

"Our label (Scotti Brothers) puts out the ballads as singles, but it's stupid — the kids don't want to hear that shit.

"This album is much rockier than anything we've done for a while — but then Scotti Bros. go and do the same thing again and pick the softest track ('Across The Miles') for the first single. They're so predictable, and the idea of rock 'n' roll is to be *unpredictable*.

"It's like a glacier movement in the higher echelons of the labels, they're all drifting towards the same place, and it ain't rock 'n' roll. If you don't have the clout of a **Bon Jovi** or a **Michael Jackson** you're f**ked, they won't listen to you. Hell, I could keep going for a week complaining about what they've done to us, but you can't afford to get depressed over these things and yield to them, you have to keep doing the best that you can do. There was a lot of determination went into this record, there's a lot of blood in the grooves."

It certainly shows too. 'Too Hot To Sleep' is possibly Survivor's finest record — either this one or 'Premonition' at any rate — and exhibits an urgency you'd think Survivor had completely forgotten how to apply. The sophisticated class is still there, but there's also an intensity that the band hasn't exhibited for some time. Trimmed down to the creative core of guitarist Sullivan, keyboards player **Jim Peterik** and vocalist **Jimi Jamison**, they've come up with some steamy Hard Rock which totally belies their faceless, gutless image. Just check out 'Rhythm Of The City' or 'Burning Bridges' and then claim that they're not surprises! So was there a definite, clear-cut decision to resist the blandola image being forced on the band?

"The decision was *no* decision really. I was basically very frustrated with the situation, I said, 'Hey, I want to play guitar, so give me some room to play!' In the past we've rehearsed all these songs as rockers, then gone in to record them and come out with ten 3 1/2 minute pop songs, I wanted to make a *rock* record. I got my way with the band, but not, it seems, with the record company."

Survivor's next course of action is to go on the road with an augmented line-up. Given the reality of their currently nebulous stature they're considering slots with strong headliners as well as the option of headlining themselves — and they're also (finally) paying more than lip-service to the notion of including Europe (where, incidentally, 'Too Hot . . .' has yet to be released) in their touring schedule.

"I love going abroad, any excuse I can get to visit Europe and I'm there. As a band we've done TV and all that kind of crap, but next time we go over I want to tour. It's very important for people to see us play, see what we really are — not turn on the TV and see something sterile. They want to see a rock 'n' roll show, and we want to give it to them."

PAUL SUTER

SURVIVOR (L-R): JIM PETERIK, JIMI JAMISON AND FRANKIE SULLIVAN

ROGUE MAIL

READERS AND WRITERS: SEND YOUR LETTERS TO RAW, 58 GEORGE ST., LONDON W1H 5RG.

Dear **RAW**,

I AM proud to say that I have purchased and enjoyed every issue of your magazine. However, one little thing is bothering me and I believe that if it isn't corrected now it will grow out of control.

I am referring to the inclusion of bands such as Big Country, Then Jerico, The Waterboys etc. in Issue 11 of the mag. I appreciate that they are good bands, but they really don't have any place in a Heavy Rock magazine. In the first issue you stated that **RAW** *was a Heavy Rock magazine and would not compromise in any way. I hope that you are not trying to attract a wider audience at the expense of us Heavy Metal/Rock fans. Up until now I have been impressed with* **RAW** *covering all types of Heavy Metal/Rock (Thrash, Mainstream, Glam, Speed etc.) which is the way it should be. So stamp out the aforementioned bands (and similar ones) before I, and many others, stop buying your magazine.*

I would also like to suggest a couple of features that I'd appreciate seeing in **RAW**. *First of all, how about printing a list of fan club addresses and/or carrying out a survey of fan clubs.*

And what about an interview with Candlemass, one of the best and heaviest bands around. I felt that your review of their latest album ('Ancient Dreams', Issue Seven) was a little harsh to say the least. To fully appreciate this LP you have to be really into the Heavy Doom Metal they play. It's the sort of album you have to sit down and actually listen to (preferably in pitch darkness!). Contrary to your review, Messiah Marcolin is easily a world-class vocalist with a superb vocal range. Heavy Metal needs bands like Candlemass who keep traditional HM alive in a day when this often seems to mean playing Thrash at a million miles per hour. Yours, ***Brian Fraser, Fife.***

RAW has never stood for anything other than Rock Action Worldwide, and as we said in the first issue of the magazine, *all* Rock music deserves coverage away from the clichés traditionally associated with this multi-faceted genre. From Cinderella to Slayer and Big Country to Boltthrower, it's all part of the broad spectrum of music which we set out to cover in depth. Obviously, it is not our intention to alienate readers, simply to eliminate certain pre-conceptions and to lead as well as reflect.

Concerning the matter of fan club listings and a survey of fan clubs in general, look out for a forthcoming *No Problem!* feature on this subject. What's more, you can rest assured that a Candlemass interview *will* appear in the not too distant future. Keep watching the skies!

Dear **RAW**,

I COULDN'T believe that Dave Dickson managed to resurrect the Marianne Faithful/Mars joke yet AGAIN, even less in an article about Keith Richards' new LP.

Let me tell him something from experience. I was in Right Track Studios, New York, in the Autumn of '86. Marianne was recording days, and The Stones were recording in the same room starting at 9pm. Marianne left an hour early each night to avoid even a chance meeting with Jagger. It was Keith who was leaving bunches of roses to say hello to Marianne.

If Dickson had mentioned choc bars to Keith he would have found himself with a broken nose. Wise the kid up for his own good. **Christopher Marlowe, S. Kensington.**

PS. Tell him to grow up if he can manage it.

Dear **RAW**,

SORRY TO start with a cliché, but I just had to write in response to the letter (in Issue 11) from 'The Little Voice Inside Every Iron Maiden Fan's Head'. I suppose my leter is bound to be shot down as 'hardnosed blind loyalty', but despite that, I think I can supply an answer or two to the points raised . . .

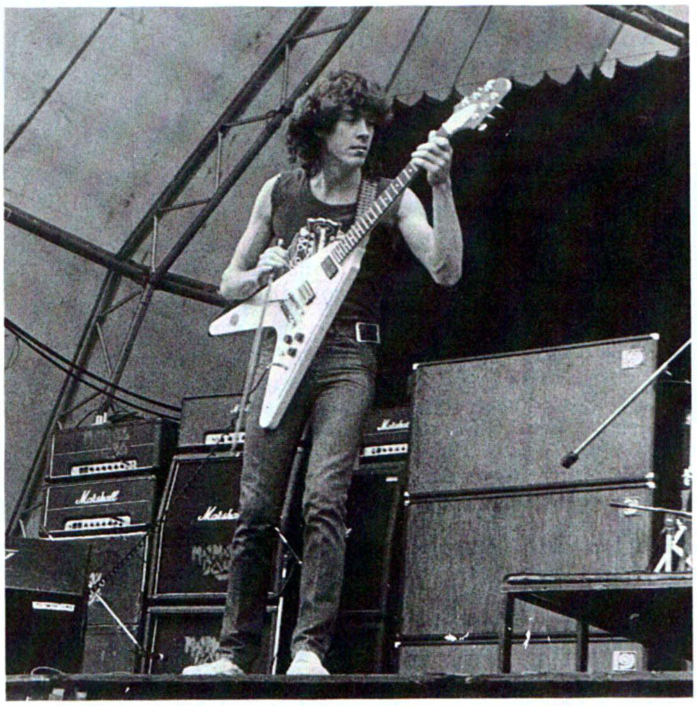
Firstly, the band's music is sure to develop over the course of seven albums — maybe this development isn't to everyone's taste, but I think that 'Seventh Son . . .' has proved its popularity by coming second in the **RAW** *Poll Of Polls. To describe it as 'a pile of crap' is hardly constructive criticism . . .*

If the current Maiden music is so bad why did 'The Little Voice . . .' want to see the concert? The band was obviously going to include the new music as well as the old. As for the lack of 'The Trooper' and 'Aces High', well, every Maiden fan has their favourites and to have played them all would have taken all day. And I think the **RAW** *review shows — if our dear reader had taken the time out to actually read it — that the whole affair was an 'experience'. That's what it's all about.*

Finally, as far as the release of three singles from the latest album is concerned, it's obvious really: one was to promote the album, one to promote the Donington show and one to promote the December UK tour. 'Evidence to the contrary', I believe.

Basically, I think this guy is just suffering from a common complaint — the need to slag off the hugely successful. But just a moment, 'The Little Voice In Every Iron Maiden Fan's Head' . . . that means it must be in mine, too. Think I'd best blow my brains out! Where's my Judas Priest tape . . .? ***Andrew Boyer, Manchester.***

PETE DORÉE OF HAVERHILL, SUFFOLK, SENT IN THIS FRIGHTENINGLY REALISTIC DEPICTION OF A MEETING BETWEEN MESSRS. BONUTTO AND MUSTAINE.



THIS PHOTO OF MAMA'S BOYS GUITARIST PAT McMANUS (CAPTURED ONSTAGE AT DUBLIN'S DALLYMOUNT STADIUM MANY MOONS AGO) WAS SENT IN BY GARY JOHNSTON OF DUNMURRY, N. IRELAND, ON BEHALF OF HIS BROTHER NEIL. MORE DETAILS ON THE TROUBLED MB SITUATION AS SOON AS WE HAVE 'EM

Dear **RAW**,

CREDIT'S RARELY given where it's due, and as most of your letters appear to consist of moans and groans I've decided to give you some (credit that it is!).

Over the last 11 issues you appear to have established yourselves as one of the best rock periodicals available and I wish you every success for the future. Now onto my main reason for writing.

I want to congratulate you for not finding it necessary to print pictures of talentless females to sell your magazine. Many of your rival publications appear to have succumbed to the temptation of featuring women simply because they are flaunting their bodies.

Take the case of Lisa Dominique, who is not an extremely talented entertainer and yet is widely known. This seems rather unfair when you consider that American singer Lauren Smoken, for instance, is very talented but hardly anyone's heard much about her. And she is only one of many, very good female singers who deserve success.

I guess you could say that I am a feminist, but the fact is that I refuse to be treated as a brainless, second-class citizen just because certain individuals want to jump around with their breasts hanging out of their clothes.

In the 1980s women should be respected and allowed to walk down a dark street without fear of being raped or verbally abused. Page 3 and stuff like that does little to destroy the image of women as sex objects and we do not need so-called rock magazines making the situation worse. So, **RAW**, *please keep your pages for talented musicians, OK? And judge women on their personalities not on their chest size. With thanks,* ***Ms. Vicki T. Burns, Bo'ness, West Lothian.***

We hope you'll agree, Vicki, that the female artistes featured in this issue are all deserving of valuable space. Thanks for your support.

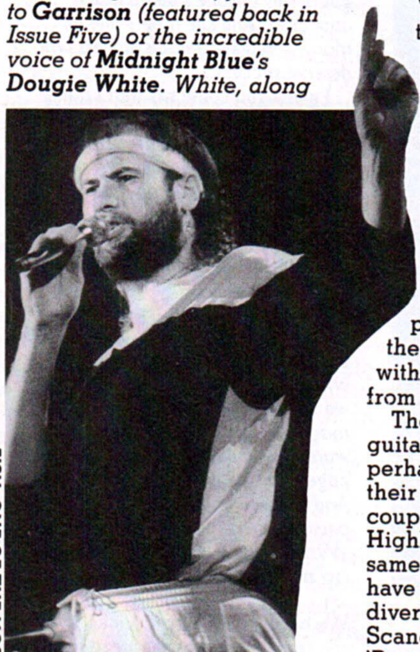
RAW TALENT

So what's going on North of Hadrian's Wall? Who's gonna follow in the footsteps of Alex Harvey, Jack Bruce, Nazareth and Fish? Starting here (and running over the next two issues) ALAN McCRORIE takes an in-depth look at the Scottish Rock scene . . .

*REGULAR **RAW** readers will be all too aware of the magazine's on-going attempts to bring new talent into the public domain. This, to me at least, is one of the more positive aspects of writing for the press and it pleases me to get my oar into proceedings.*

*Many of the London-based publications give you the feeling that absolutely nothing happens outside of the Capital when it comes to new blood. Horseshit. Getting this piece onto paper was a daunting prospect with the country alive to the sounds of newer and increasingly younger talents venturing into the musical millpond. Small Scottish fishes have grown. There is a flourishing of talent; just listen to **Garrison** (featured back in Issue Five) or the incredible voice of **Midnight Blue's Dougie White**. White, along with fellow Scot **Alex Dickson** and the other lads, look set to cook if their demo material is anything to go by.*

*However, I digress. This article represents a fair cross-section of our scene, and I'm certain that soon some of these people will be rubbing shoulders with fellow Scots such as **Fish**, **Jack Bruce**, the **Youngs** of **AC/DC** fame and countless others in our record collections. Some of these names may be familiar, others not. Read on . . .*



FISH: ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS SCOTS ROCKERS AROUND

RUNRIG

AN ODD way to start perhaps, but along with the new bands here I think Runrig *are* important. On behalf of a few hundred thousand Scots and the band themselves, I'd like to say how utterly pissed off we all are with Runrig being tagged '**Big Country** clones', when the reverse is in fact nearer the mark.

From small beginnings on the Isle Of Skye as a dance band, Runrig have perhaps come closest to defining the 'Scottish' sound in rock music. Their 16-year history has seen them go from carting gear around Skye in a dust-cart to playing sell-out concerts on the Continent and in the USA, with only a muted response from the rock press.

The addition in 1979 of guitarist **Malcolm Jones** was perhaps the turning point on their road to recognition, coupled with the release of 'The Highland Connection' that same year. Subsequent years have seen gigs in places as diverse as Berlin and Scandinavia in support of the 'Recovery' album (featuring the mighty 'Nightfall On Marsco') and their seminal version of 'Loch Lomond', released as a single and making the Top 100 in 1982.

I believe that a lot of folk have failed to see just how vital a role this band have played in keeping certain aspects of Scottish culture intact. The Gaelic language is still alive in the Highlands after over a century of ridicule in the schools and the threat of flogging if spoken in public — that is one aspect that needs to be understood with regard to Runrig. In short, they mean a lot to Scotland and ignoring this or turning up one's nose at it is plainly unfair and prejudicial to the interests of Scottish music.

Incidentally, Runrig are now signed to Chrysalis Records and their back catalogue is still available and accumulating gold discs.

RUNRIG (L-R): IAN BAYNE, DONNIE MUNRO, RORY MACDONALD, PETER WISHART, MALCOLM JONES AND CALUM MACDONALD

HOLOCAUST

EVERY NOW and again you come up against a band whose music is so 'off the wall' that you cannot help but listen and admire. One such band is the recent incarnation of Holocaust. Initially, I found myself rather sceptical after cringeing through a copy of 'The Nightcomers' some years ago. On the group's return to the limelight after a long lay-off, my attitude was: 'Okay, impress me'. They *did*.

My cynicism was removed almost immediately by the utter shock of what I heard — inventive to say the least. Gone was the immaturity of that earlier time to be replaced by a diversity that had me drastically reappraising my view of the band; after speaking to them all I find myself very much in accord with their more recent direction. If anyone is at all in favour of an unusual treatment of high velocity Metal, yet with all the mind-buggering volume and attack retained, then I would recommend they look to Holocaust to deliver the necessary goods.

The band, now consisting of **John Mortimer** (guitar & vocals), **Steve Cowen** (drums) and bassist **Graham Hall**, is in the throes of releasing its latest vinyl output via the Scottish-based Blast Furnace/Fast Forward label.

"It's to be called 'The Sound Of Souls'," Steve said recently. "We decided that rather than sitting around waiting for things to happen, we wanted to put out some product and stir things up our own way."

And stir things it certainly will if the recent demo is a good indication. Like the demo, the album will feature 'Dance Into The Vortex' and 'I Smash The Void', and looks set to commit 'This Annihilation' and the 'Curious' instrumental to vinyl too. Comparisons with the earlier 'Caust records will probably raise smiles, and yet it is the same kind of music in essence — only the band has taken this style a step further, utilising electronic percussion and what John describes as "elements of both dissonance

and chromaticism".

Clearly, Holocaust have — at theoretical and structural levels — thrown away a lot of our comfortable little notions of how music *should* sound.

Whilst Holocaust seek to move on, however, the music remains very accessible and Steve is keen to emphasise the degree of feedback the band is experiencing.

"We have had favourable responses from both Chrysalis and Polydor — nothing concrete I would add, but the interest seems to be there."

To my eyes and ears, nothing points out the increasing diversification of Holocaust's music more than the 'Three Ways To Die' track, due to appear on the album and — clocking in at a hefty 14 minutes — displaying many sides of the band's sound. It would be all too easy to cite this change in song duration as a response to current trend, but it says much for Holocaust that there is room for them in a genre that has virtually become the preserve of a small number of very big bands.

SCREAMING TEAR

SCREAMING TEAR is a Glasgow-based band with a considerable local pedigree and, more importantly, the necessary strengths to put them forward as good bets for some real action. The nucleus of ST came together some years ago at the annual Radio Clyde Festival at Glasgow's Kelvingrove Park and the general direction seems to have constantly evolved since then.

As much as we're all happy (or unhappy) with pigeonholes, I really cannot find one for Screaming Tear, but some have chosen to give them the 'sleaze' tag. However, the band *I* spoke to were far from 'sleazebags' and so I shall go on record as rubbishing that evaluation on behalf of the boys. Far from sleaze, Screaming Tear are a singularly tight and musically solid rock'n'roll band. They have pretensions to be nothing more and nothing less.

The original Screaming Tear was not a band that overly impressed me, but they had their moments and spawned a tape christened 'I'm A Livin' Suicide'. However, two commendable new members have now joined stalwarts **Brian Russell** (guitar) and **Rick Brown** (bass), and it is vocalist **Dave Rousen** who has helped or at least heralded the changes in Screaming Tear. Dave was involved with a couple of outfits in the past, but his arrival in Screaming Tear is his best shot yet in a band with potential. Dave, Rick and drummer **Ruff** 'consummated' the new Screaming Tear with a three-track demo tape featuring the songs 'Walk It Like You Talk It', 'One More For The Road' and the tasteful 'Raw'. The lyrics explain it all, dear reader.

Shortly afterwards Ruff was invited to quit the band; Brian explains: "We had arrived at the point where we wanted to grow, but Ruff was quite content with the 4/4 type of stuff and it began to slow us down."

Exit Ruff. The band now plan to remix the new demo with current drummer **Craig Mitchell**, hoping it will be commercially available by the end of February.

I asked Dave to evaluate Screaming Tear's position in the grand scheme of things . . .

"Well, we have a lot of very British qualities, whereas I don't think there are many bands currently emerging who are not Americanised — Thrash, AOR, sleaze, that sort of thing.

"But Americans go daft if they hear a harder, British edge to the sound. I really feel we've got the crossover element of both the '70s and '80s bands."

The Tear also seem happy with the flexibility of the four-piece format — none of them would consider the idea of a five-piece, and keyboards are clearly out "unless we need to add atmosphere," pitches in Dave, "but that's unlikely."

This line-up is not exactly untried; with Ruff they supported both the **Quireboys** and **Wrathchild** (UK) at Glasgow gigs.

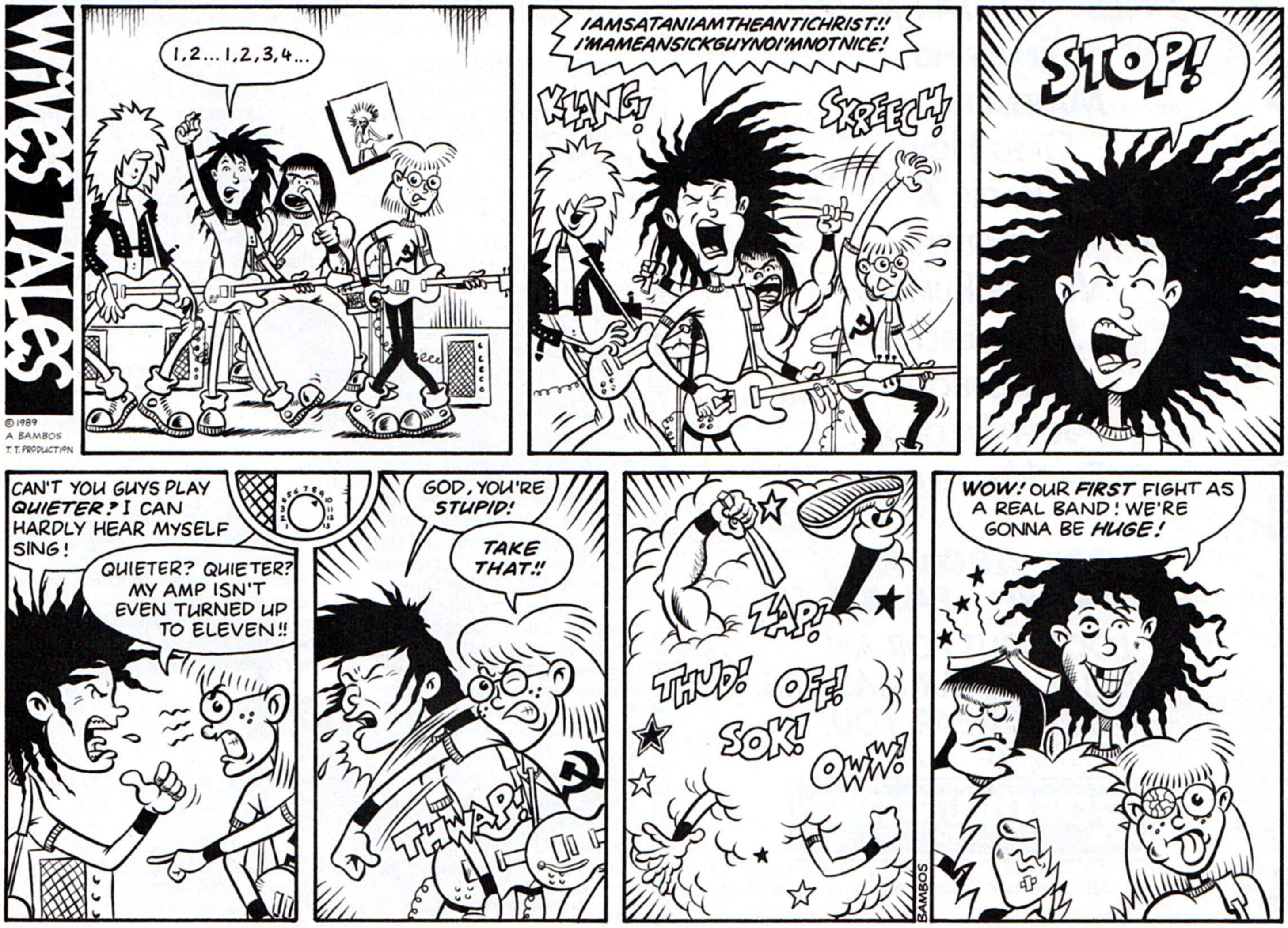
"Wrathchild might claim they blew out the PA at The Revue," smiles Brian, "but I reckon it was *us!*"

You know what? It wouldn't surprise me in the least.

DRUNKEN STATE

OF THE bands featured in this article I would argue that East Kilbride's Drunken State are perhaps the 'luckiest' of the lot. Sure, it's easy to be hypercritical of those you know, and I *do* count them as good friends, but Drunken State have gained a great deal of mileage without gigging outside of Glasgow. This is their major weakness, in tandem with the lack of a discernible image for people to relate to. Put simply, Drunken State have their house almost but not totally in order.

For a young band they have already played some support slots of considerable prestige warming up for **Onslaught**, **Wolfsbane**, **Heavy Pettin** and **Sabbat** to name but four. Their opening appearance at the Clyde Festival '88 is an



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RAW TALENT

undoubted feather in their caps too. Topping this came the release of the 'Bags Not Carry The Coffin' EP on Blast Furnace; recorded at Blue Strike in Yorkshire under the guidance of **Frank Mizen** in October, it is doing no small business. But let's backtrack a little . . .

as if Drunken State are not too comfortable with their media-given tag. Muses bass player **Mike Brash**: "I think you will find that there IS an element of Thrash in our music, but that isn't all; you'll catch us listening to **Iron Maiden**, **Judas Priest** and **Thin Lizzy** as well as groups like **Metallica**."

DRUNKEN STATE (L-R): MICHAEL BRASH, DOUGIE SMITH, GRAEME THOMSON, ROBERT TRAISH AND DAVIE LEISHMAN

Drunken State was formed in 1986, the rather odd name, according to guitarist **Dougie Smith**, "coming from a TV documentary about America and one state (he didn't specify which) that had a bad problem with alcoholism."

The band began gigging and added vocalist **Robert Traish** amongst others to the line-up. This lot then cut a demo that is so far removed from what they do now that they'll cringe at the mention of it. It did, however, get them gigs.

The advent of a rock night at The Bruce in East Kilbride brought the band to a wider audience and led to the supports outlined above, along with a number of other local gigs alongside **Samoyed** (later **Jinx** and the band that featured Midnight Blue's Alex Dickson).

In the period of late '87 through to mid '88, the band sought to replace the loss of their lead guitarist and the imminent departure of their drummer; enter lead player **David Leishman** and drummer **Graeme Thomson**, and the current DS was born.

Often described as a Thrash band only to be criticised for not being 'Thrash' enough, it is a tag that has guaranteed the band some degree of local support. Yet, for all this, it looks

Their 12" single was released at the tail end of last year and has been extensively airplayed on Radio Clyde as well as receiving the approval of their fans (the people who make the band), but the press seems lukewarm to it all.

"It's really a matter of getting the band heard," says DS manager **Robert Fields**. "For a young group to have vinyl out at such an early stage in their career is unheard of in most places — it should get them the exposure they need to move farther afield. If nothing else, the boys should be proud of the fact that they've come this far . . ."

Well, that wraps it up for this issue. Some of the bands mentioned have contact addresses, so get in touch and remember that a SAE is always appreciated. I've met them all, they don't bite so WRITE! (And tell them who sent you).

***RUNRIG:** 55 Wellington St., Aberdeen AB2.*

***HOLOCAUST:** 1 Seafield Rd., East Edinburgh EH15 TEB.*

***DRUNKEN STATE:** 22 Houston Terrace, West Mains, East Kilbride.*

On The Road

CELTIC FROST have been forced to re-arrange all the UK dates announced in *On The Road* last issue. The full itinerary is now: Edinburgh Playhouse February 24, Liverpool Royal Court Theatre 25, Bradford Queen's Hall 26, Brighton Top Rank 27, Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall March 1, Birmingham Hummingbird 2, Hammersmith Odeon 3, Manchester Apollo 4, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Mayfair 5, Nottingham Rock City 6.
Special guests for all these shows are German act **Destruction**, with a third band set to be added.

SCORPIONS have added another date to their British tour. They play Manchester Apollo March 6, and tickets (priced at £10/£9) are available from the box office and usual agents. Support will be provided by **House Of Lords**.

WRATHCHILD and **SHE'S THE LEADER** play Birmingham Edwards No. 8 on March 16.

VICTORY, from Germany, will be supporting **Gary Moore** on his forthcoming UK tour.

JUDIE TZUKE returns to action with the following list of dates: Cambridge Corn Exchange April 1, Birmingham Alexander Theatre 2, Portsmouth Guildhall 3, Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall 5, Poole Arts Centre 6, Guildford Civic Hall 7, Croydon Fairfield Halls 9, Crawley The Hawth 10, Cardiff St. Davids Hall 11, Nottingham Royal Concert Hall 13, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne City Hall 14, Glasgow Pavilion 16, Sheffield City Hall 17, Lincoln Ritz Theatre 18, Norwich University Of East Anglia 20, Reading Hexagon 21, Liverpool Empire 23, Manchester Apollo 24, Hammersmith Odeon 26.

SLAMMER play London Marquee Club on March 16. The first 250 people to turn up for the show will receive a free four-track, ten inch EP featuring the songs 'Born For War', 'Hellbound' (both taken from the Bradford quintet's session for *Radio One's* 'Friday Rock Show'), 'If Thine Eye Offend Thee' and 'Fight Or Fall' (the latter two were recorded live at Bradford Queen's Hall).

JEFF HEALEY plays Kentish Town Town & Country Club on May 19/20. Tickets are priced at £7.50.

STRAY CATS have added a further date to their forthcoming UK tour. This is at Kentish Town Town & Country Club on March 5.

DIESEL PARK WEST will be appearing at Bath Moles Club February 24, Bristol Moon Club 25.

MIDNIGHT BLUE play London Marquee Club March 3, Glasgow The Venue 17, Cardiff The Venue 31, London Marquee Club April 13, London Marquee Club June 2.

PRONG and **SNUFF** play Harlesden The Mean Fiddler on March 1.

OZZY OSBOURNE will be playing three dates in the UK during May. These are at Birmingham NEC May 3, Hammersmith Odeon 4/5. Special guests on the tour will be **U.D.O.** and tickets are priced at £10/£9.
Ozzy will be issuing a new single (probably 'Crazy Babies') through the Epic label to coincide with these dates.

OZZY: BRINGING HIS 'WICKED' WAYS TO THE UK

CRAZYHEAD: MADNESS ABOUNDS

CRAZYHEAD play Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush February 23, Wales Polytechnic 24, Walsall Junction 10 25, Bristol The Bier Keller 26, Belfast Limelight 28, Dublin Baggot March 1, Edinburgh The Venue 2, Glasgow The Venue 3, Aberdeen The Venue 4, Dundee Dance Factory 5, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Polytechnic 7, Leeds Duchess Of York 8, Cleveland Teesside Polytechnic 9, Warrington Legends 10, Manchester University 11, Leicester Polytechnic 13, Liverpool Polytechnic 14, Nottingham Rock City 15, Kentish Town Town & Country Club 16, Dudley JB's 17, Sheffield Leadmill 18.

MIKE & THE MECHANICS have now added three more dates to their UK tour itinerary. These are: Edinburgh Playhouse March 17, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne City Hall 18, Hammersmith Odeon 19. Tickets are priced at £9.50/£8.50 (Edinburgh/Newcastle) and £10/£9 (Hammersmith).

SLOWBURNER and **SPLITBEAVER** will be appearing at Birmingham Edwards No. 8 on March 30.

NEW MODEL ARMY have added two further dates to their previously announced UK tour itinerary. These are: Kentish Town Town & Country Club February 22, Hull University March 3.

DRN play Birmingham Barrel Organ February 21, Newport Lazers 22, Burton-On-Trent Community Centre 25, Peterborough Cresset 26, Sheffield University 28, Woolwich Tramshed March 3, Portsmouth South Pier Pavilion 4, Sunderland Kazbah 8, Aberdeen Ritzy's 9, Glasgow The Venue 10, Edinburgh The Venue 11, London Marquee Club 17, Warrington Lion Hotel 18, Milton Keynes Woughton Centre 31.

THE LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH have added a further date to their UK tour itinerary. This is at Camden The Electric Ballroom on February 23. Support acts will be **Rose Of Avalanche**, **Victims Of The Pestilence** and **Dirty Strangers**.

VIXEN play Nottingham Rock City February 22, Birmingham Goldwyns 23. The band will not now be supporting the **Scorpions** at the Hammersmith Odeon on March 4.

DIRTY STRANGERS play London Hippodrome on March 1.

DAWN AFTER DARK play London Hippodrome on April 12.

DRUNKEN STATE play the following dates to promote their debut 12" single, 'Bags Not Carry The Coffin': Glasgow The Venue February 24, Muirhead Town Hall March 3, Edinburgh The Venue March 26, Cumbernauld Theatre April 7.

TREDEGAR will be appearing at Workington The Carnegie April 7, East Kilbride The Bruce Hotel 12, Cumnock The Tup Din 14, Aberdeen The Moorings Bar 15, Bristol The Beir Keller 27, Tonypandy Royal Naval Club 29.

XENTRIX, newly signed to the Roadrunner label, play Derby Assembly Rooms on March 17. Tickets are priced at £4.

HOUSE OF LORDS make their first trip to the UK during March. They'll be supporting the **Scorpions** at the following dates: Hammersmith Odeon March 4, Edinburgh Playhouse 7, Birmingham NEC 8.

CASUAL AFFAIR, a five-piece from West London, will be appearing at Egham The Compasses on March 3.

ACCESS ALL AREAS

THE NAME GAME

. . . or Double Trouble? The recent tug-of-war over the name 'Wrathchild' between the British and American band of the same name is just the latest in a long list of controversies over ownership of band names. In the past, this has involved the likes of Fleetwood Mac, Deep Purple, Status Quo, Pink Floyd and many more. So who's right and who's wrong? RAW investigates the legal side of the whole unsavoury business.

UH, SO what's in a name? To those for whom the height of imagination is simply to juxtapose the standard prefixes of 'Blood', Death', 'Satan', etc the answer is clearly, as that irksome little twerp with the toupée would say, 'not a lot'. But for those bands who've laid career foundations, the act of protecting their name from predators, clones or simply those unfortunate enough to have coincidentally chosen a similar moniker, can become as fierce as that of a thirsty Glaswegian guarding his jar of 'heavy' in a pub full of penniless alcoholics!

Indeed, the history of rock is littered with cases of legal wrangles over band names — who owns them, who's entitled to use them, and so on. To the casual observer this may seem odd, as rock band names are usually as significant as they are innovative, but arguments *do* rage on, and generally seem to nestle into three main categories:

1) Those bands who, quite innocently, find themselves in competition with a similarly named outfit on the circuit. The British band Axe, for example, changed their name to Fist after discovering an American Axe, while Japanese rockers Bow Wow became Vow Wow after getting mixed up with pop act Bow Wow Wow. Australian band The Angels also became entangled in legal complications and were forced to change their name to Angel City after securing a worldwide record deal with Epic, in order to avoid possible confusion with US Glamsters Angel.

And many '70s acts faced similar problems — not least the Dutch and American Exciters (more recently we've had a *Canadian* Exciter too!), the British and American Bandits (the former featuring AC/DC bassist Cliff Williams) and the British and American Fandangos, the former including ex-Deep Purple bassist Nick Simper in its ranks, the latter featuring Rainbow/Yngwie vocalist Joe Lynn Turner.

And then, of course, we've witnessed The Mission having to use the initials 'UK' after their name whilst on tour in America to distinguish themselves from a US band of the same name. And we've also been confronted with two Wrathchilds (the Worcestershire mob, currently adding 'UK' after their name as well, and the Thrashers from Baltimore), and two Horses (one a pop band from Glasgow, the other a Hard Rock outfit presently known as Horse (London)).

2) Those bands who assume the name of a group no longer in existence. The most recent example of this would be Atlantic's new signing Skid Row, who have christened themselves with the moniker originally used by the Irish trio which spawned the talents of Gary Moore and Phil Lynott back in the early '70s.

3) Those bands who have suffered a split in their ranks, only to find the various estranged members claiming ownership of that all-important handle. It happened when former Status Quo bassist Alan Lancaster fought (and lost to) the remaining members of Quo in the courts over who had the right to use the name 'Status Quo'. It also happened when Pink Floyd founder-member Roger Waters left the group to pursue a solo career and tried (unsuccessfully) to prevent former colleagues Dave Gilmour, Richard Wright and Nick Mason from touring as Pink Floyd.

And a similar quarrel appears to be brewing amidst the latest Yes saga, with former members Jon Anderson, Bill Bruford, Steve Howe and Rick Wakeman being unable to use the name they helped make famous in the early '70s, Atlantic Records choosing to exercise their rightful ownership of the title and allow the current Yes line-up to continue under the guidance of co-founder/bassist Chris Squire.

SUPERFICIALLY, ALL this is very confusing, but the solution is quite simple. In the first instance, the ownership of the name will be awarded in a court of law to the band which has built up their reputation first — ie. the band with whom the general public associates that particular name. Says top music biz lawyer Alexis Grower:

"If your name is Mr. Harrods and you open a store called 'Harrods', the big Harrods will close you down instantly, because the court will say that the public associates the store in Knightsbridge with the name 'Harrods'. You wouldn't be able to 'pass off' as something which already exists, and which most people know about.

"The most famous musical case *ever*, was with Fleetwood Mac. After the band parted company with their manager Clifford Webb in fairly acrimonious circumstances, he then registered the name 'Fleetwood Mac', quickly hired four musicians and started touring them as Fleetwood Mac. The fact that he'd registered the name made no difference, though, as the court judged that the general public believed Mick Fleetwood, John McVie and all the other band members to be Fleetwood Mac; hence, the manager was prevented from using the name of the band again."

In the case of the two Wrathchilds, this would seem to give the edge to the UK troupe, who were formed in '79 and released their first product (the 'Stakk Heel Strutt' EP) way back

HORSE (LONDON): (L-R) DAMON WILLIAMS, GARY GENE, MARK PERES AND DAVE HOYLAND

HORSE . . . . . . OR HORSE?

in January '83. The Americans didn't emerge until September '81, but as bassist/vocalist Brad Divens emphasises: "We've played almost everywhere in the States over the past five years and created a huge following, and there's no way we'd change our name now."

However, the British Wrathchild has managed to place an injunction on their US counterparts' label, Atlantic, who have been forced to indefinitely postpone the release of the band's debut LP ('Climbin' The Walls') while the lawyers fight it out in court.

"It's an unfortunate situation, but may the best band win," says Wrathchild (UK) guitarist Lance Rokkit confidently, although compatriots Horse (London) may have greater cause for concern. Their management might claim that the Scottish disco band are "flogging a dead Horse", but the unfortunate fact of the matter is that the Glaswegian Horse could well use the corporate muscle afforded them by their deal with EMI to squash their unsigned namesakes for, unjust as it may seem, finance *is* a useful bargaining point in law — one band could keep fighting the issue until the other runs out of money.

In the second scenario, where a band uses the name of a defunct outfit, the law is just as logical. As Mark Sinnot from Russells, a renowned firm of London lawyers whose clients include a number of top bands, explains:

"If, for example, a group of kids got together and called themselves The Beatles, you can be pretty sure that the original Beatles would be able to stop them, because product is *still* being exploited under The Beatles' name. However, if a band opted for a name previously used by a much more obscure outfit, then they'd probably be able to get away with it."

Hence, where the new Skid Row is concerned there shouldn't be a problem, as the previous Skid Row split up some years ago and Gary Moore appears to have given his blessing to the new project. However, rumour has it that the original band's bassist, Brenden Shields, is quietly claiming ownership of the name and might consider legal action in future. This one could run . . .

FINALLY, THERE'S the situation where one member of a band decides to continue using that name despite splitting from the other members — something which has happened with The Sweet (singer Brian Connelly forming his own Sweet at one stage), and perhaps most famously with the bogus Deep Purple 'reunion' tour of America back in 1980. At that point, Purple's short-lived original singer Rod Evans put together a group of Purple lookalikes to play a series of Stateside shows which managed to fool the American public until, whilst legal action was being implemented on the pathetic Evans, Purple's old management mobilised an advertisement campaign in each town on the tour listing the people who would NOT be taking part in the 'reunion': Ritchie Blackmore, Jon Lord, Ian Paice, Ian Gillan, Roger Glover, Glenn Hughes and David Coverdale!

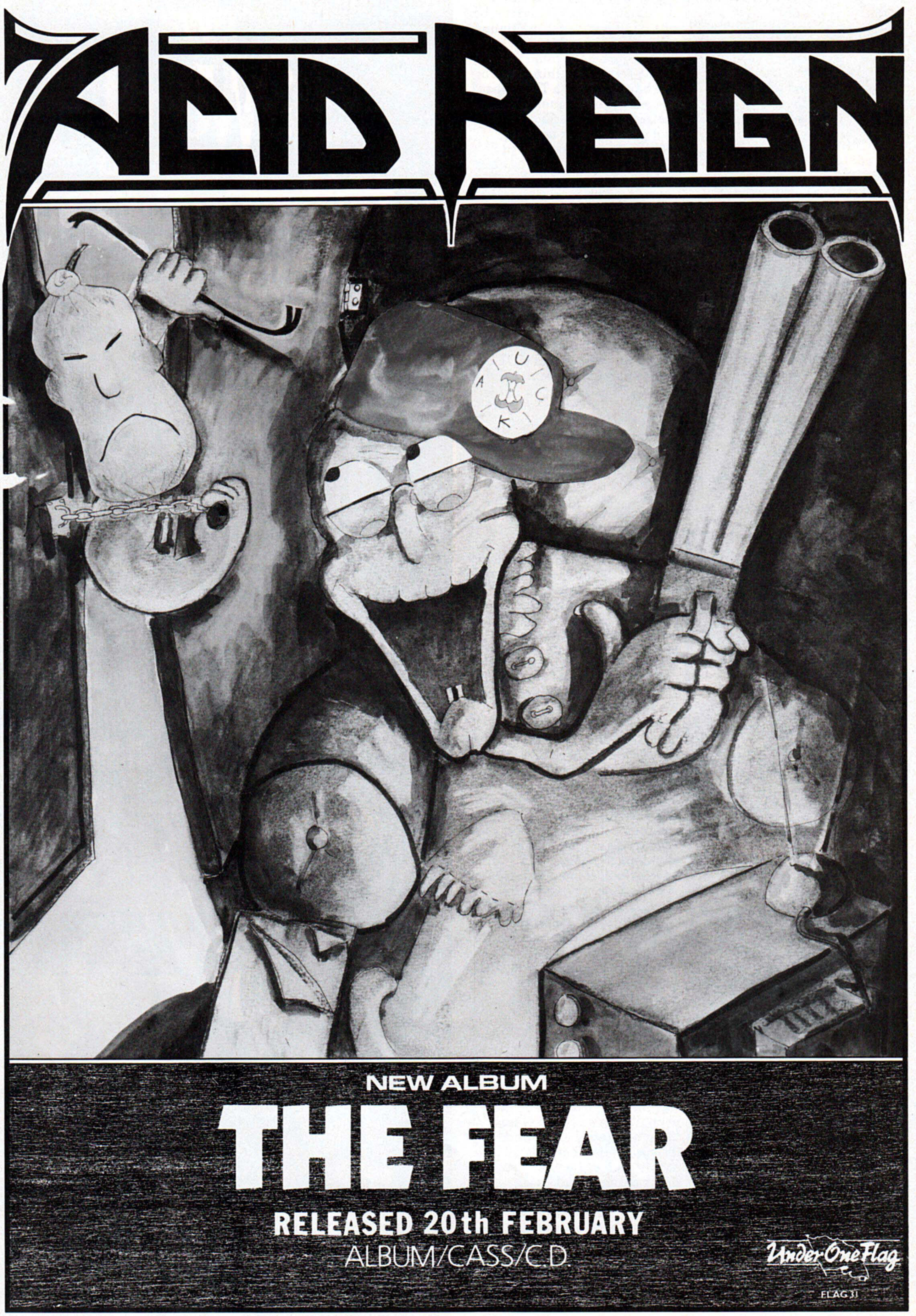
"This particular area of the law is very grey," says Mark Sinnot, "and that's why there are so many cases around. Basically, in the absence of a written agreement between the members of a band as to exactly what will happen to the name if they split up — and usually bands don't have written agreements — the general rule is that each member has as much right to continue to use that name as any other.

"However, if one member of the band left and the other three, or whatever, stayed together, then it's probable that the remaining members would have a better claim to the name. Alternatively, the one who has left might argue that the others can't use the name as that particular name should only be used by all of the original members *together* . . . so you have to look at the circumstances of each case very carefully."

These days some record companies insist on owning the name of any band they sign in order to prevent potential legal hassles in the future, and more and more precautions are being taken by bands to ensure the safety of their name.

However, until the rock world in general adopts a more original and imaginative stance, there'll always be the problem of The Name Game. What happened to the good ol' days when the selection of names such as Led Zeppelin, Black Sabbath and Uriah Heep, or even Thin Lizzy, Def Leppard and Judas Priest, ensured their uniqueness?

MARK PUTTERFORD


ACID REIGN
NEW ALBUM
THE FEAR
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Under One Flag
FLAG 31

Top Shot

45 Revolvers

REVIEWED BY DAVE LING

W.A.S.P.
'Mean Man'
(Capitol CL 521))
'WARNING: DODGY LYRICS', the sleeve informs the potential listener. And within the grooves, mainman Blackie Lawless emphasises his offensiveness by continually shrieking *'mean motherf★★kin' man!'* to anyone who'll listen (he's referring to W.A.S.P. lead guitarist Chris Holmes, incidentally).

I've been an admirer of this LA band since '83 when their debut album's chainsaw-blade codpiece first ground itself into my face; the songs killed, the image was fresh and controversial and Blackie stood proud as a compelling and intelligent interviewee. Well, I'm still hanging on in there, but I certainly wouldn't argue too vehemently if you were to accuse the trio (augmented by Quiet Riot drummer Frankie Banali and ex-Uriah Heep keyboard player Ken Hensley) of being a tad desperate here. Initial plays left the band sounding tired and lame, but repeated spins did enable the song to ingratiate itself with a great deal more authority.

The production — handled by Lawless and mixed by Max Norman — is good 'n' heavy, but lacks the sparkle you'd expect. Also, the continued usage of expletives has rather outworn its novelty value, and to cap it all, the B-side (a cover version of Jethro Dull's 'Locomotive Breath') is plain unconvincing.

Thumbs up . . .*just*.

A LUMP OF WOOD

W.A.S.P. GUITARIST CHRIS HOLMES

PIX TONY MOTTRAM

LOU REED
'Dirty Blvd.'
(Sire W7547)
A COUNTRIFIED monologue of the most sophisticated kind.

Former Velvet Underground frontman Reed narrates the depressing tale of Pedro, who has nine brothers and sisters and lives in a single room in the Wilshire Hotel for $2,000 a month. His father *'beats him 'cause he's too tired to beg'* he tells us over a bleak and simplistic musical backing.

It's very Dire Straits orientated, and for that reason alone will probably never grace my turntable again. Full marks, however, for the title of the flipside 'The Last Great American Whale', which brings back fond memories of an ex-girlfriend of mine. Aaaah . . .

SHERIFF
'When I'm With You'
(Capitol CL 524)
INCREDIBLY, THIS ballad from Canadian band Sheriff has taken *seven years* to reach the top of the US Singles Chart, the quintet having split back in '82, with Capitol deciding on a posthumous re-issue.

Even more miraculously, it took only *two minutes* to find its way into the wastepaper basket!

JESUS JONES
'Info Freako'
(Food Records 12 Food 18)
LEANING HEAVILY on sampled effects, drum machines and experimental sounds, Leicester band Jesus Jones sound like a cross between pop wierdos Haysi Fantaysee (remember them?) and feeding time for the chimps at London Zoo.

One to steer clear of.

LITTLE ANGELS
'Big Bad EP'
(Polydor LTLEP 2 A/B)
OH GAWD. Why, oh why, do I always get lumbered with a Little Angels record when it's my turn to do the singles?

Back in Issue Two I cast aspersions on the band's '90 In The Shade' 45, only to end up with the little bleeder residing in my Walkman for the next couple of months. The song just grew and grew 'til it reached Mammoth-style proportions, and I kinda expect three of the tunes presented here ('She's A Little Angel', 'Better Than The Rest' and 'Sex In Cars', all tried 'n' trusted live favourites) to follow that course. Somehow the fourth, 'Don't Waste My Time', doesn't quite cut it, sounding banal and rushed.

All rather odd; the Angels sound more polished and less inspired each time I see them live, but their records get better all the time. Funny ol' world, eh?

VIXEN
'Cryin''
(EMI-Manhattan 12MT 60)
AN OUTSTANDING song showing that all-girl LA rockers Vixen *are* the real McCoy.

They might not have penned 'Cryin'' themselves — that honour goes to Jeff Paris and Gregg Tripp — but the way that Janet Gardner, Share Pedersen, Roxy Petrucci and the luscious Jan Kuehnemund interpret the song bears the signs of true quality.

On the reverse side, ex-Whitesnake guitarist Vivian Campbell trades solos with Kuehnemund on 'Desperate', and the 12" sees the gals stomping over the Richard Marx-penned 'Edge Of A Broken Heart' in spiked ten-inch stilettos.

Great songs, great playing . . . male chauvinists take note!

ANN WILSON & ROBIN ZANDER
'Surrender To Me'
(Capitol CL525)
A PAIRING which, on paper at least, should deliver the goods. Heart's Ann and Cheap Trick's Robin are masters of their craft and have been acclaimed as such for longer than I can remember.

But not even Jesus Christ Almighty himself could breathe life into this nauseating heap of labrador's droppings, a revolting duet lifted from the soundtrack to the film 'Tequila Sunrise', starring Mel Gibson, Kurt Russell and the gorgeous Michelle Pfeiffer.

This is corny and slushy, and as such should be a *massive* hit. It's up there with such duos as Neil Diamond & Barbra Streisand, Kenny Rogers & Dolly Parton . . . and the timeless Little & Large.

.45 REVOLVERS CONTINUES ON PAGE 58

VOW WOW
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LIMITED EDITION CLEAR VINYL SEVEN INCH
IN FOLD-OUT SLEEVE AND THREE INCH CD SINGLE
OUT NOW
Three inch CD single features extra tracks "Sign of the Times" and "Fadeaway"
Also available on seven inch, extended twelve inch and ten inch picture disc.
ON TOUR SOON
ARISTA

Top Shot

33 Revolvers

MASTERS OF REALITY
'Masters Of Reality'
(Def American Recordings DEF 24210 import)

TRACK LISTING
***Side One* — 'Theme For The Scientist Of The Invisible'/'Domino'/'The Blue Garden'/'Gettin' High'/'The Candy Song'/'Magic Spell'.**
***Side Two*— 'The Eyes Of Texas'/'Sleep Walkin''/'Lookin' To Get Rite'/'John Brown'/'Kill The King'.**

LINE-UP: Chris Goss, vocals, guitar; Tim Harrington, lead guitar; Googe, bass; Vinnie Ludovico, drums.

PRODUCER: Rick Rubin.

MASTERS OF REALITY (L-R): VINNIE LUDOVICO, GOOGE, CHRIS GOSS AND TIM HARRINGTON

THEY'VE TAKEN a myriad of diseased influences, innoculated themselves against the ravages of imitation — and come up with an album unique in its breadth, vision and visible incongruity. Masters Of Reality. From Syracuse, Upstate New York. The name conjures forth impaled images of Sabbath: doom; gloom; deranged, derelict, spine-bending riffs all tracked by the head-on steamy rush of Gothic pugilism.

Yet, *this* Masters Of Reality owe something to *everyone*; it isn't a loan, nor a steal but rather an hermetic hermaphrodite, perpetuating the species through fornication within the inner chasms of rock yearnings. It begins with The End, a swirl of guitar mania and corrogated chords suggesting the climax to an organic orgasm of oratorial ovations. It leads sullenly into 'Theme For The Scientist Of The Invisible', a short, sharp burst of jagged myths and putrefied rhythms. The Sixties entered through the jowels of the late Eighties. From here, you're on your own. Signposts merely distract, titles sublimely mislead.

'Domino' could be Hendrix and his eclectic Gypsies, Goss singing, *'Paint Me A Picture/And Make It The Devil/We'll Run Down The Hallway/The Roof Ain't Level'.* Don't ask me what it all means, I haven't got the right chalk to mark the board. I'm as puzzled as anyone. Yet I'm also fascinated by its repulsion.

'The Blue Garden' is The Doors. Morrison's notes fall from Goss' lips, as Harrington rasps out the guitar along rubble-strewn freeways. Motor, boy, motor.

According to the vocalist, it's a religious song, whilst 'Gettin' High' (another firmly guitar-fuelled gutter rage) is "Fun . . . it doesn't necessarily have anything to do with drugs." But it might!

And so the circle continues turning. 'The Candy Song' has a rarified, simple melody, a brutal beat and a sweaty, sexy haunch. 'Magic Spell' siphons café orchestral outpourings through the laconic mesmeric basement of human emotions.

'The Eyes Of Texas' tears its bluesy notation into the mysteries of 'Sleep Walkin'', and then we're into the eliptical eloquence of 'Lookin' To Get Rite'. 'John Brown' talks about burying the past, and 'Kill The King' is, says Goss, "About drinking yourself to death." It's shifty-eyed, sly, decorous, but when stripped down to its assets, it stands in the middle of the bunker and screams for attrition.

Masters Of Reality aren't a throwback. Sure, the points of reference are Sixties icons (Zeppelin, Sabbath, The Doors, Hendrix), but they're as contemporary as Filofax or Diet Pepsi — yet *infinitely* more repugnant and irrefutable, considerably more inveiled with an uncontrollably fierce dominion. There's a humour emanating from the pulse of the stream-of-consciousness lyrics that makes MOR even more free-form in their dogmatism. I'm not sure the rock world can handle a band who aren't afraid to crawl 'neath the soil and dig up the skeletal catechisms of those disturbed minds most gratefully leave untouched. They are catemites for generations long since passed, lightning rods for unhealthy afflictions.

I *love* it. Most of you will *hate* it. But give it a try before discarding. The vinyl solution? No, but damn close to the edge and far more insidious than a myriad of myrrh-bathed Thrash LPs. Insurrection ACHIEVED. Insubordination INVESTED.

Harlan Ellison once wrote 'I Have No Mouth Yet I Must Scream'. 'Masters Of Reality' *is* the Sound. **MALCOLM DOME** **8½**

THE FIXX
'Calm Animals'
(RCA PL88566)

I'VE NEVER really taken much notice of The Fixx before. Sure, I remember casting shadow glances at the '83 album 'Reach For The Beach' (easily their most successful to date), but it made only the merest impact. Of the other three Fixx LPs prior to 'Calm Animals' (namely 'Shuttered Room', 'Phantoms' and 'React') I've no recollection whatsoever. My loss, I suspect.

'Calm Animals' began for me during a special media showcase put on by the band at Ronnie Scott's Club in London. *I* went to drink, *they* made me applaud the music. 'Precious Stone' was a particular conquest that afternoon, with its surreptitious guitar insurrections from Jamie West-Oram and pleading vocals from Cy Curnin. Haunting, elaborate, yet never cloying or sentimental. I took no chances, diving into the record at the earliest opportunity. Was it alcohol or euphoria? Reality or ecstacy? Whatever, the confirmation was complete. I *like* this album.

The Fixx have a certain sense of style. Curnin's voice owes something to the distance reactions of late Joy Division vocalist Ian Curtis, yet it also attains a smooth sensuality so akin to Bryan Ferry. It's a voice perfectly styled to flit through the guitar plantations of West-Oram and the seizure-inflicted keyboards of Rupert Greenall. There is a tincture of pure Hard Rock here, but it's over-laid by the calming affluence of a welter of influences from the modern era: U2, Psychedelic Furs, Joy Division . . . and a whole host of others. It's Roxy Music two decades later.

The record (apparently conceptual) also has its own sound and feel, structure and supple groove. Each song is allowed to breathe, choreographed according to its own requirements by an expert production from William Wittman. Every twist and nuance is carefully cultivated, from the brutally tribal drum patterns of 'Shred Of Evidence' to the effluent flush of 'Calm Animals', from the brazenly twitching 'I'm Life' to the eloquence of 'Precious Stone'.

Lyrically, at times The Fixx have the enigma of Jane's Addiction. 'I'm Life' uses a certain sparsity of verbiage, 'Driven Out' has a degree of cruel cynicism, 'Gypsy Feet' owes something to TS Eliot and 'Cause To Be Alarmed' has a social conscience waltzing in tune to the alarm sounds of world weariness . . .

. . . 'Calm Animals' is a strong, contemporary record. It doesn't offer the Thrasher much solace, but those who want their rock music laced with a little thought and intelligence will enjoy such fare. Worthy operatives.

MALCOLM DOME **8**

DEATHWISH
'Demon Preacher'
(GWR Records GWLP 33)

REMEMBER DEATHWISH? I'm pretty sure you do. They first surfaced towards the tail end of '86 amid the hue and cry of the so-called 'New Wave Of British Thrash'. Soon afterwards they signed a deal with the MetalWorks label and released the eminently forgettable 'At The Edge Of Damnation' LP.

After two years of virtual silence the quintet have finally re-surfaced, with a new deal and a spanking new album that's bound to keep them in the game for a while longer. Yep, '. . . Preacher' is an album that, for the most part, should prove capable of putting Deathwish up there among the more street credible UK Thrashers such as Sabbat, Acid Reign, Slammer and the re-vamped leaders of the genre, Onslaught. It's a good album, and I'll admit that I was as surprised as the next person . . .

Where Deathwish win in my book is with their unbridled aggression. The band's rhythm section of Stuart Range (bass) and Brad Sims (drums) is never flashy, yet always manages to keep a secure, almost vice-like grip on the momentum of the tunes. Guitarist Dave Brunt is similarly workmanlike in his approach, occasionally throwing in the odd twist and turn along the way which manages to keep things interesting.

My main grumble concerns singer Jon Van Doorn, a generally competent vocalist, but one who lacks the sporadic spark of genius that makes a truly *great* one. Sadly, the budget production (handled by the band themselves at The Yard Studios, Southall) does little to disguise this minor flaw.

So down to business. The instrumental 'Death Procession' gets things off to a gloomy start; a mutant hybrid of Black Sabbath-style atmospherics — *check out those churchbells, squire!* — and the chunky riffs that have made Metallica such a household name. Then, without warning, 'Demon Preacher' manifests itself, utilising some scorching Black & Decker guitar and athletic drum patterns. It's as dark and brooding as either Candlemass or Sacrilege, but twice as lethal and with ten times the aggression.

'Visions Of Insanity' shows that this band are capable of being more than just another musical steamroller. It begins with some gentle strokes of the bass from Ranger, before Brunt gradually introduces a gentle, chilling riff that dominates a dervish-like, galloping monster of a song.

As if that's not motivation enough for you to open your wallet, Thrash fans, the band have included a fine cover of Black Sabbath's 'Symptom Of The Universe'; this stays faithful to the original, whilst also giving it a 'Garagey' feel that takes in one or two very minor Deathwish quirks.

The second side is slightly less wonderful, the band letting the tempo of one or two songs drop a notch, whilst the quality of tunes like 'Wall Of Lies' and the gumbified 'Prey To The Lord' is sadly lacking. It's during this pair of songs that Van Doorn's lead vocals are at their most vulnerable, completely failing to add any character to the occasionally Slayer-esque backing.

Fortunately, help is at hand with an acoustic instrumental called 'Past Life' that's in the vein favoured by Ronnie James Dio. Ten-inch flares rule, OK?

'Demon Preacher' is an album that will take a lot of people by surprise. Look out for DW on the forthcoming Motörhead tour. **DAVE LING** **8**

THEN JERICO
'Outside'
(London 828122-1)

THEN JERICO look to have stolen the Hard Pop/Soft Rock high ground that seemed tantalisingly within the grasp of Silent Running before they ran into their not-inconsiderable hassles. Indeed, there is much that is similar about these two acts. The difference, of course, is that Then Jerico are now forging ahead, widening their audience and recruiting the hordes to their brand of irresistible rock 'n' roll.

There are two moments on this album which come as close as anything I have ever heard to perfectly defining that otherwise oblique area where Rock ventures into pop, yet still retains its respectability. It's not an easy trick

to pull, but Then Jerico have risen to the challenge with admirable aplomb.

The first is their current hit single, 'Big Area'. Beginning with a gloriously infectious tinkling of keyboards as the bait, the listener is suddenly hooked by the searing entry of the lead guitar and propelled toward the chorus. Then Jerico have clearly taken aboard the Bon Jovi philosophy of: *Don't bore us, get to the chorus!* From that point on it's plain sailing.

The second is 'Sugar Box', which begins as a sweet and beguiling love song, the bait this time being Mark Shaw's seductive vocal delivery. But the tempo gets picked up as the sounds are layered on.

Elsewhere, Then Jerico prove themselves no slouches in the field of harder-edged rock 'n' roll. The other three tracks on the second side ('Reeling', 'Where You Lie' and 'Helpless') have the band flexing their muscles in the arena of rock.

Even so, my personal favourite is Side One's closer, 'Darkest Hour', where the mordant and almost desperate tone of the music is counterpointed by the hope expressed in the lyrics.

With the commercial success, and consequently expanded audience, Then Jerico will achieve with this album they are deftly setting themselves up for the greatness to which they so obviously aspire and deserve. Watch them go.
DAVE DICKSON **8**

TNT
'Intuition'
(Vertigo 836 7771)

THIS IS a band who *should* go far. A group with potential, ability and a dynamic appreciation of style. Their first album for the label ('Knights Of The New Thunder' — 1984) suggested the ingredients were all present. The follow-up ('87's 'Tell No Tales') took the process of evolution an acceptable stage further. Not brilliant, but tracking in the right forest. The compass seemed calibrated, the route well mapped.

'Intuition' *should* have been the LP to put this Norwegian-based foursome into the international league. Major action looked assured. But something has gone temporarily (I hope!) wrong.

What we have here is an album that's decidedly patchy. What we're presented with is a dilemma. TNT have built a formidable reputation on the flying fretboard of a wizard called Ronni Le Tekro, a guitar genius with all the flair, circumspect technical skills and applied brute force of any modern-era 'hired gun'. At times on 'Tell No Tales', Le Tekro amazed with his grasp of the guitarist's art. He was *let loose* and carried the record to firmly acknowledged heights.

TNT: NOT EXACTLY EXPLOSIVE FARE

But TNT are as aware as anyone that mere technical excellence isn't enough. You need to strike the right balance between guitar histrionics and song strength, between ecstatic fretboard flurries and tuneful adaptability. Thus, for the most part Le Tekro is (comparatively) laid-back here, allowing the melodies to come through — except that the tracks are rather faceless and misdirected. There is rarely any evidence of *real* Hard Rock masterstrokes. Stripped bare of their main weapon, suddenly TNT are left slightly floundering.

So where's the problem? OK, here's my theory. Basically, TNT *have* written some good songs ('Caught Between The Tigers', 'End Of The Line' and 'Tonight I'm Falling' are all well thought-out, nicely composed tracks), but they've failed to translate these into anything like a good record. The answer lies with attitude and production.

In association with producer Bjorn Nessjoe, the fellas have hidden much that is positive in these songs — elements which could have enhanced the basic structure — in pursuit of what they consider to be a more mainstream sound and style. All they've succeeded in doing, however, is wasting the material — burying the numbers under an unfair weight of mediocre sound mixes and imbalanced instrumental clues. By cutting back on the guitar presence, TNT should have allowed themselves some freedom to develop. Instead, Nessjoe has left everything so bare and empty it constantly sounds as if something major is missing. The sign of a producer who isn't up to the task at hand.

If it weren't too late, I'd suggest the band withdraw this version of the LP, re-arrange certain of the songs to increase the guitar quotient and then radically remix. Underneath all this negativity, I suspect, beats a strong record.

Still, Tony Harnell is in sensational vocal form and there are moments (all too brief) when Le Tekro *does* kick in and the song gels. But only sporadically.

'Intuition' won't achieve the metamorphosis TNT were hoping for; it treads water. Thankfully, it doesn't drown the band, but when you're expecting to ascend the peaks, merely stopping yourself from sliding down the sheer face of the mountain isn't good enough.
MALCOLM DOME **5**

VOW WOW
'Helter Skelter'
(Arista 209743)

I'VE BEEN saying for a long time (though not particularly loudly) that if any of the clutch of Nipponese bands to have emerged over the last few years was going to crack it, then Vow Wow were it. The basic problem that Japanese bands have when confronting a Western audience is primarily, well, *indifference!* After all, why do we need Japanese bands when we have equally good British or American ones? Xenophobia, dontcha just love it?!

Anyway, couple that with their complete lack of any rock 'n' roll roots or tradition and you can see that it's an uphill climb for any Oriental band coming into the jungleland of mainstream Western Rock. And of course, in the past they've never really had any songs you could shake a stick at or hum a melody to.

At least, not until now. Finally Vow Wow have come up with a batch of songs that might yet convince a dubious Western audience thay have something vital and invigorating to offer our jaded ears. Whether bassist Neil Murray has had anything to do with Vow Wow's conversion to hook and melody, I don't know.

VOW WOW: PERHAPS THE FIRST JAPANESE BAND TO SHOW TRUE INTERNATIONAL POTENTIAL

PIC TONY MOTTRAM

Whatever the cause, though, it's a welcome change and it would be nice to think that we could give this album the airing it richly deserves.

With the two-pronged assault of Genki Hitomi's Klaus Meine-inspired vocals and Kyoji Yamamoto's guitar wizardry Vow Wow deliver up such tasty morsels as 'I Feel The Power', the anthemic 'Spellbound', a stomping 'Rock Me Now', 'You Are The One For Me' (with its 'Hot For Teacher' refrain) and a caustic cover of the Beatles' rare drift into HM 'Helter Skelter'. Charlie Manson never played it like this!

There's a lot of power on display here. Vow Wow have never lacked for that. What they DID lack was enough good commercial material to make it in the brutal field of Hard Rock. Well, now they've assembled those songs, and with a UK tour to back it up, they might break the mould this time round. Here's hoping . . .

DAVE DICKSON **8**

METAL CHURCH
'Blessing In Disguise'
(Elektra 9 60817-1)

METAL CHURCH are a band who've been chronologically misinterpreted. Whilst most Metal bands these days are desperately trying to warp themselves into a frenzy, this Seattle fivesome are trying to produce hard 'n' heavy fare that offers a broader, richer aspect. Style, class and rage. A combination that's served the likes of Iron Maiden, Judas Priest and Diamond Head so well over the years.

But, the Church have unfortunately been lumped in with the Thrash revolution, unfairly tagged as being in the same bracket as Slayer et al. The truth is that tags become trends, and trends become bandwagons upon which the hopeless and the futile clamber in the misguided belief that they can get some semblance of fame. But, there are always those on the fringes of the trend who get caught up in its furore. So, let me say clearly — METAL CHURCH ARE NOT THRASH. Right, on with the review . . .

'Blessing In Disguise' is good, but not great. It's more adventurous than any previous MC release, but doesn't quite carry off its worthy aspirations. To me, former Church vocalist David Wayne had the same impact as Paul Di'Anno did with early Maiden. He may have a limited vocal range, but there was a certain charm, and individuality that stamped his mark on the band. With new boy Mike Howe (ex-Heretic), the band should have made the same quantum leap as Maiden did from the 'Killers' LP to its successor 'Number Of The Beast' with the recruitment of Bruce Dickinson. Howe certainly has powerful lungs and a much cleaner delivery. Yet whilst there are signs of greatness still to come, 'Blessing . . .' doesn't slay or set the world aflame.

The problem is that the songs here are all too constraining. There is only marginal evidence of the band actually letting rip and really firing their imagination in the manner I *know* they can. Perhaps, having yet to achieve real success, Metal Church elected to play safe just a little while longer. In doing so, they've probably failed to capitalise on their own vast abilities.

However, 'BID' is still a good record. 'Fake Healer' is feral and atmos-ferric (sic), threatening to engulf with its hurricane of guitars (from Craig Wells and John Marshall); 'Rest In Pieces (April 15, 1912)' offers something akin to Diamond Head's 'Am I Evil' with its brooding riffs and locked-in time changes; 'Anthem To The Estranged' offers Howe the chance to roam free to a certain extent over a potent, well-crafted if deliberately slowed musical imagery; 'Badlands' froths. Yet . . .

Every song leaves me just thinking there was more to be extracted. So, a cautious thumbs-up. 'Blessing In Disguise' whispers strongly that Metal Church are a world-class act. Hopefully, next time the whisper will become a bellow.

MALCOLM DOME **7**

U.D.O.
'Mean Machine'
(RCA PL 71994 import)

UDO UNSPELLABLE, long-time Accept frontman, pocket-sized powerpack of Heavy, *Heavy* Rock, has released a second album (follow-up to his late '87 debut) under his own U.D.O. banner. And if the band's line-up has changed, the attitude certainly hasn't.

Assault with a deadly album.

They say people grow to look like their dogs. Well, Udo's like his *songs*: tank-like, muscular, pneumatic, mean, like a little blob of molten metal. Udo Unspellable, Rob Halford's blackhead come to life, puts the *man* in German.

Think of the heaviest stuff Accept ever did, that bloody great sound they got when they weren't being too commercial, pinning you to the floor and slapping you about the ears. That'll give you a pretty good idea of the kind of pummelling your brain is in for here.

It starts as it means to go on with 'Don't Look Back', sinewy, confident playing topped with mad troll vocals, rough-edged like a tiger's tongue. 'Break The Rules' is fierce stuff, with spine-shattering guitar-playing (from Andy Susemihl and Mathias Dieth, the latter ex-Sinner). 'We're History' comes nearest to commerciality but retains its fury, 'Painted Love' is a great gutsy song with pretty awful lyrics, and title track 'Mean Machine' has some tongue-in-cheek sci-fi moments of musical filligree.

Slap it over for the glorious 'Dirty Boys', like classic Accept, mannish mayhem with screaming guitars like knives sharpened on a chainsaw. 'Streets Of Fire' has some interesting, creepy moments amid the ultra-heaviness, 'Lost Passion' is menacing, 'Sweet Little Child' is one of the nobler rock ballads I've heard in a while and 'Catch My Fall' is gritty and tough.

The backing vocals here and there sound suspiciously Accept-like (Accept bassist Peter Baltes and drummer Stefan Kaufmann get a mention on the sleeve credits, so maybe it was them) but there's nothing wrong with that. Pretty lethal stuff all in all. Hard hats recommended.

SYLVIE SIMMONS **9**

THE REPLACEMENTS
'Don't Tell A Soul'
(Sire Records 925 831-1)

IT'S MIDNIGHT. The Thrash albums for this issue are all played out and half of 'em ain't got nowhere to go. It's time for a change. Time for some old friends . . . The Replacements.

Before we go any further, let's get one thing straight. The Replacements have always been about one thing . . . and one thing only. Yeah, through their seminal 'Power Trash' period (examples of which have recently been made available again, through re-releases of albums such as 'Sorry Ma, Forgot To Take Out The Trash') right up to their current, more sophisticated groove, The Replacements, contrary to popular

slander, have only ever been about one thing: feelin' good. And 'Don't Tell A Soul' feels *mighty fine.*

True, the band's style is almost a million miles away from the neo-Hardcore blast of 'Otto', but who gives a damn. I like to travel, and even more so when it's in the company of guitarist/vocalist/songwriter and general mainman Paul Westerberg.

Picking up where their '87 release, 'Pleased To Meet Me', left off, 'Don't Tell A Soul' smooches in with 'Talent Show', a seductive tale of downtown salaciousness blessed with a riff that harks back to the song 'Alex Chilton' (from the aforementioned '87 offering). In many ways, Westerberg's songwriting has become deeper, darker and more controlled with the man's cracked vocal delivery proving as addictive as ever. Yet he always allows the band of Tommy Stintson (bass), Chris Mars (drums) and Slim Dunlap (guitar/backing vocals) to get down to business in a manner that appears so beguilingly and infectiously simple.

In fact, The Replacements have always thrived on such an apparently straightforward approach, allowing the untempered roar 'n' stomp of 'Anywhere's Better Than Here', 'I Won't' and 'Darlin' One' to shine uncluttered alongside the country honk of 'Achin' To Be' and the almost Spectorish 'They're Blind'. A few more spins and the fiery feel of a Jack Daniel's-soaked night seeps through the grooves. This is honest, no frills, great American rock 'n' roll played with a rare passion.

'Don't Tell A Soul' is a fine album that can feel good at midday and great at midnight. Tell it to the world, midnighters.

PHIL ALEXANDER **8**

ALEXA
'Alexa'
(Savage LPVAG 911)

IT'S THAT man again! No, not Alexa — all available evidence points to the fact that she's *definitely* female — but Paul Sabu, guitarist, singer, writer, producer, Only Child lynchpin, son of the Elephant Boy, a man who has been known to lend his musical talents to the occasional wet T-shirt contest, but who recently has done as much as anyone to restate the case for quality melodic Hard Rock. There's the Only Child album itself, the second Precious Metal release ('That Kind Of Girl'), where he manned the desk, and now the 'Alexa' LP, where he once again produces as well as handling the guitar parts while his Only Children chip in with bass, drums and keyboards. He also picks up a co-writing credit on eight of the ten tracks. Oh, and he engineers too. (I wonder who made the tea?)

Yeah, yeah, I know — this is supposed to be a review of an *Alexa* album, and certainly the 27-year-old singer, born in San Francisco, based in Los Angeles, has a fine voice (on the sandpaper side of Lee Aaron) and a sharp ear for a melody, getting involved on the writing side of four of the tracks, with the tender class of 'Cool Wind' a solo composition. But, but . . . as Mark Putterford would have it (and he insists I credit him) the end result is rather like "Paul Sabu with tits!"

ALEXA: 'PAUL SABU WITH TITS'

Look, this IS a worthy album; the material never drops below the level of 'pretty good' (the calculated sensitivity of 'A Cry Away' and the structurally fragile 'Spooky') and occasionally (as with the shapely swagger of 'I Can't Shake You', the Bon Jovi-plays-Journey 'We Don't Remember Why', the current single, and the majestically controlled 'Wanderlust') it seriously perms the hair and tightens the trousers with its flawless grasp of AOR-obics, that big-hearted balance of keyboards, guitar and soaring hooks that never jolts or jostles, just *entices*.

True, some AOR can be decidedly limp — ideal for meringue and weak-tea parties with John Inman or Frankie Howerd, but unsuitable for those who like their cake without the fruit and their comedians on the macho side of Marti Caine. Some AOR can be all candyfloss and keyboards, all hernias, harmonies and handbags-at-dawn, but when its done well (House Of Lords, early Night Ranger, recent Heart) it's memorable stuff indeed, packed with melody and red-blooded bite.

For the most part, Alexa and guiding-light Paul get it *right*; I can't help but cringe at the occasional lyric (check out 'Spooky' and 'Let It Rock'), but there's plenty of exemplary keyboard stabbing/guitar jabbing/vocal grabbing to balance that out. What's more, Alexa appears to be taking tentative steps into the acting field, with a part in the forthcoming Patrick Swayze movie 'Roadhouse', which should increase her confidence and profile and help her truly stamp HER mark on the musical side.

The lady has potential.

DANTE BONUTTO **8**

CHARLIE SEXTON
'Charlie Sexton'
(MCA 6280 import)

WHAT WOULD you do if you were a world-famous record producer capturing the artistry of a talented young Texan guitarist who has the expressive vocal depth of a Willy De Ville and the brooding good looks of a James Dean? If you were Bob Clearmountain (abetted by Tony Berg), apparently you'd layer weedy synthesised strings and overdub choirs of back-up vocals until your nascent star, Charlie Sexton, ended up sounding like Don Henley sitting in on a Pat Benatar record.

Sexton suffered from having an over-hyped debut album, followed by a rest and rethink period unintentionally prolonged by a motorcycle crash. This eponymous LP therefore had more to overcome than merely the typical second album curse, and it would have managed quite nicely if the various skills Charlie offers had been allowed up for air.

The guitar is still there, right from the very first notes of 'Don't Look Back'. It almost doesn't matter that the back-up vocals are so intrusive they could be from a different album, since Sexton adds a lyrical, spare guitar to hold it all together. He can still sing, too, but the production files the edge off of any real emotional impact. And there's worse to come...

'Blowing Up Detroit' boasts completely useless and distracting bells with mush for vocal overdubs. 'Save Yourself' turns Sexton into Bryan Adams. 'I Can't Cry' succeeds in being poignant, but also succeeds in being simultaneously gunked up and flattened. Even the intense 'While You Sleep' manages to belittle the effect of his impassioned declaration of obsession by dulling the vocal edge. The only track that survives this treatment with its balls intact is 'Battle Hymn Of The Republic', which is unfortunately not a sterling example of the songwriter's art.

All of this is a mere bagatelle compared to the closing track, however; every trick in the toybox gets pulled out to bloat 'Cry Little Sister' — there's chimes, choirs, ascending chords, and puffery galore. It's worth listening through the wet blanket to hear him play out his sweet anguish and to sympathise with him over what got drowned in the studio. But maybe it's just that Charlie wants his MTV. This type of sludge will definitely appeal to the lowest common denominator, even if it sells his talents short.

CHRIS MARLOWE **7½**

ACID REIGN
'The Fear'
(Under One Flag FLAG 31)

THE TITANIC riff steams in at the start just as you'd expect; the head starts to nod back and forth in time to the music, but without warning it all stops after a matter of seconds. Slobbering noises follow, with a massed gathering telling us, *'You'll never know when the nibbles will strike'* (just like the TV ad) and various loud imitations of flatulence pour from the speakers.

It could only be the hi-jinx antics of those loveable Thrashers from Harrogate, Acid Reign, finally entertaining us with their long-awaited full-length debut.

Doubtless most of you will have made acquaintance witn the Reign by now; they've garnered a 'we'll support anyone, anywhere' tag by playing shows with Nuclear Assault, Sabbat, Suicidal Tendencies, Death Angel and, most recently, Exodus. They've also deservedly earnt a credible reputation for producing quality Thrash and presenting it in an entertaining way.

Last year's 'Moshkinstein' mini-album showed that they could also deliver in the studio, but it has to be said that 'The Fear' *isn't* the earth-shattering follow-up we've all been expecting.

ACID REIGN: THE CURRENT LINE-UP IN ACTION

PIC PETE CRONIN

The production is quite adequate ('Unkle Bastard' remains at the helm, as with 'Moshkinstein'), giving the quintet adequate room in which to manoeuvre, but the excitement never quite manages to boil over. The album was recorded during October '88 and features the old line-up of vocalist 'H', bearded guitarist Kev, drummer Ramsey plus the departed pair of rhythm guitarist Gaz Jennings (now replaced by Adam) and bassist Ian Gangwer (whose place has been taken by Macc, late of Holosade), so clearly this is no proper indication of how the band currently sound.

'H' has obviously spent time and effort improving his singing, and his contributions here are more focused and palatable than previously. There *are* one or two quite exceptional moments when everything slips into place, such as the six-minute 'Blind Aggression', where the drums and bass work cohesively together whilst a jagged riff from Kev'n'Gaz delivers the killer punch.

Elsewhere, 'Humanoia' slips easily into an enjoyable Anthrax-style groove and closer 'Lost In Solitude' bows out in magnificently doomy style, building slowly to a confident, galloping conclusion.

It's a solid album with several highlights, but not really the one that will establish AR as true contenders. However, I'm sure the next release will do the trick once the 'new' line-up has had time to gel into a cohesive unit. All the band need to do now is concentrate a little less on being 'court jesters' and play their own headline dates to rid themselves of those 'eternal support' jibes. Then we could be talking real business.

Oh, incidentally, the CD version features a bonus gift of five of the tracks from 'Moshkinstein'. Real value for money!

DAVE LING **7½**

FOXES ON THE RUN

Traditionally, all-girl Hard Rock bands don't make any impact beyond the initial novelty value of having females playing what is usually regarded as 'male music'. However, Los Angeles foursome VIXEN aim to be the band to finally break the mould . . . and they certainly seem to have the talent and attitude to succeed.

"THIS MUSIC" — Heavy Rock — "is normally played by guys, because it is a very rough, tough music," says Rudolf Schenker, rhythm guitarist with the Scorpions, leaning back in his chair to expose rough, tough leather thighs to distract me from my quote. "But more and more girls are trying to catch the feel of this music, and they're getting better and better at it. I think Vixen," he states, "are getting close to being as good as a male band."

As good? AS GOOD? Three thousand Scorps fans in a mini-Danish aircraft hangar, giving the four-piece femme support band the kind of rapturous adulation that Ratt's Stephen Pearcy gives *himself*, stomping and clapping and hollering and waving sparklers like little Vikings possessed, might have a thing or two to say about that. So do I. At the back of the hall in Copenhagen, first night of the Scorpions/Vixen Euro-tour (see review last issue), the floor shaking, the stage shaking, Roxy Petrucci hammering out a furious drum solo, Share Pedersen taking over on impressive, distinctive bass, vocalist Janet Gardner and guitarist Jan Kuehnemund, tall and skinny, heads together so from a distance it looks like a pair of black chopsticks with Gregg Giuffria impaled on top, Vixen weren't just good *for girls* — in fact, you barely noticed back where I stood they were girls at all, no mini-skirts, no mincing about, no tit-waggling; heck, the Crüe wear higher heels! — they were pretty damn *good*.

Which surprised the shit out of me, I can tell you.

Being of the female persuasion myself, and never having found it an impediment to serious rough, tough *rocking*, having douched my ears for years with the best Metal has to offer, I've been sickened by the number of tone-deaf, talentless, *Sun*-reading girls who get into Heavy Rock because some rock mags are the only ones who'll (sadly) print their dodgy pix in cheap underwear. And disheartened by girl musicians so instantly willing to let a man, or a bunch of them, tell them what to do, winding up like actresses playing the wet-dream fantasy role that some drooling male has written for them.

My first impression of Vixen's self-titled, debut album, released through EMI-Manhattan last September, didn't do a lot to dispel these feelings. The first single, 'Edge Of A Broken Heart' (which made it to Number 50 in the British singles charts and Number 30 in the States), was co-written by Richard Marx, best known for cloying pop, and Fee Waybill, the man who wore the platforms in The Tubes; it sounds like any other made-for-US-radio song, no worse but no different. And the credits on the inner sleeve are choked with men's names: producers, arrangers, writers. I'd expected a bunch of LA bimbos with pretend-guitars posturing cutely while men played behind the curtains. (The only man around was Mike Allemania, from Los Angeles, playing keyboards quite visibly, at one side.)

Live, the album's songs sound less corsetted and clingfilmed, far more real, definitely more powerful. "I saw the band last night," says Scorps singer Klaus Meine the day after the first show, "and it's a good new band. They play well together, they look great — nice California girls! — and everybody seems to be excited about it."

THEIR FIRST UK trip — *playing* trip; they were here last summer to ogle David Lee Roth at Donington — will include two of their own headlining dates around the country (see *On The Road* this issue for more details) as well as three nights opening for the Scorpions at London's Hammersmith Odeon (February 18-20). Before joining up with the Scorps tour, they were headlining here and there in Holland and Germany, strange places with big crowds that slamdive off the stage and stuff, and before that — up until last December — they were touring the States opening up for Eddie Money. They've been playing live pretty much since they started, certainly since they signed their management (Left Bank) and record deal — playing to the troops in the demilitarised zone in Korea, doing a runner from bikers bars in the Midwest, playing clubs where they initially got booked because they were different, they were *gurls*, being invited back to play by popular demand, graduating to the big stages with Cheap Trick, Night Ranger and Yngwie J. Malmsteen.

Guitarist Jan formed the earliest Vixen while still in High School.

"I remember, thinking back as far as Junior High and stuff, I remember they had bands at the dances, and I didn't want to just dance, I'd look at them and go, 'I want to *do* that'. At 14 she got her first acoustic guitar, swapped it for an electric one . . . and that was it. Played along with her brother's Clapton and Hendrix records — "I didn't really think they were guys and I was a girl, I just played. And I kept on playing, and in High School when the counsellors would say, 'Well what are you going to do when you get out of school?' I'd say, 'I'm going to go on the road with a band'. And they'd said, 'No, no, not your *hobby*, what are you going to *do?*' And I'd say, 'You don't understand, *that's* what I want to do'."

People came and went over the years but it was always an all-girl band, always Hard Rock. Vocalist Janet was the first of the current line-up to join.

"At that time Share and Roxy weren't in the band, it was just people whom Jan grew up with, not picked out of a bunch of musicians and who fits and who doesn't. But I just knew that there was something special about her," says Janet. "She was the one, the *force*. So I joined five years ago. It was still the same kind of thing, powerful rock, but we knew along the line we had to make some changes, so we came to LA." They all live in LA these days, though they came there from such far-off US spots as Detroit, Minnesota and Alaska — "which is where we found first Roxy, then Share."

JANET USED to be a cheer-leader, had the "all-American classic small-town upbringing," impersonated Rod Stewart in front of the mirror and was probably the last person on the planet you'd expect to be sharing a tour bus with three rockers and a road crew except, "I was bored, I wanted more out of my life than what some of my friends were doing. I wanted *excitement*, and I always sang and I always liked Hard Rock. And the first time I went onstage with a Hard Rock band I said, 'Okay, this is it, this is where I belong!' Because it was so much fun and so free, no rules. I was 18."

Next to join, Roxy, played drums with Madam X, an LA Metal band who would have gone somewhere if their management and record label (Jet) hadn't fallen to pieces and taken the group with it. A rock drummer since the age of 14 — "I was playing clarinet at the time (in jazz and symphony orchestras!) and my sister (Maxine, still

JANET GARDNER: "I WAS BORED . . . I WANTED EXCITEMENT"

SHARE PEDERSEN (LEFT) AND JAN KUEHNEMUND

with Madam X) was playing guitar and said, 'Let's start a band', and there's not many rock clarinetists, except maybe Eddie Van Halen's late dad, so I chose drums because I like it, it's aggressive, and as I started playing pretty late I practiced my ass off."

She even made the Top Ten shortlist for the job in David Lee Roth's band, eventually given to Gregg Bissonette. "Even though I didn't get the job it was *so cool* to play with Billy Sheehan and Steve Vai!"

Steve Vai's wife, Pia, was bass player in the band at one point. But Share, last to join, was the missing link to make it happen.

"Jan had seen me playing in Hollywood," says Share. "At that time I was just doing a lot of sideman stuff — I played with Helen Reddy for two years!" she laughs. "That was what I used as my day-job, the way to keep my chops up. But I was very much into Hard Rock. I had never seen Vixen, but I'd heard a lot of really good things about it, and one day — three months after I'd first met Jan and she'd given me her number — I called her up. And as fate would have it they needed a bass player that exact same day! She kept going, 'Why did you call today? What rumours have you heard?', and I'm thinking, 'Who *is* this weird person?'

"But when I met them and they played me a tape, I was impressed. I'd been offered other all-female things before but I turned them down — usually everybody sucked and the drummer was like the worst thing in the world. But with Vixen, everybody was good and the drummer, Roxy, just played like a drummer, she didn't play like 'a girl', and Jan played like a guitar player and Janet was a monumental singer. The first time we played together it's like we'd been doing it for years. It just felt *right*."

Share is classically trained, played piano from an early age, took voice lessons, went to the famous Berkeley College Of Music and studied music theory and jazz, "which is where I really learned how to play my instrument, because you couldn't get away with anything." She took up the bass guitar as "an escape, an outlet, when my family went through some tough times with alcoholism and stuff. I got the bass and it was like, 'This is mine. No-one can take it away from me'."

She played Heavy Rock, "because it's the music that *moves* me. There's so much power in it and it fits my personality I guess."

If men say they're the only ones tough and aggressive enough to do it properly, Share says, "We know a lot of women who are pretty tough and aggressive too."

"And a lot of guys," says Janet, "who *aren't!*"

BEING GIRLS made it easier in the beginning, especially getting gigs, "because the agency we signed to would call up a college or club or something and say, 'Well, we've got this or that or an *all-girl rock band*' and they'd go, 'Okay, we'll take them, we don't care if they can play or not, it's different'. We got endless gigs that way," says Jan. "And fans came and liked it enough to come back. Therefore the clubs would book us again and since that was their business they started taking us seriously."

Being an all-girl band was enough; they didn't have to go *all-girlie*. "We always knew the danger of the overkill on the 'female' thing," says Janet.

"I could never do that anyway," Share nods. "It wouldn't feel right. If there had ever been a request like, 'Would you maybe just wear lingerie?' I'd have said, 'No, I can't do that! I'm a *musician*'."

Being female rockers is good for instant novelty and attention — as all the frilly-knicker one-pic wondergirl Metal bands demonstrate — but not for longevity. "Nor for self-respect," Share adds.

When the band and their first manager parted ways after a long relationship, they found another one (quickly removed from the picture) then finally linked up with Left Bank (who also manage Richard Marx) "on the basis of them seeing us for what we really are."

But what exactly *are* they?

Why does a band that's spent years playing live, performing its own original material, release an album of mostly cover songs, arranged by a bunch of outsiders?

"When we got to LA," says Janet, "we got to know a lot of songwriters and they started to present us with a lot of good stuff, actually written *for* us." It wasn't so much outside material, it was like getting help and other people's influences and learning from it."

"We co-wrote half of it," says Share. "And we did a lot of the arranging ourselves. That was a mistake on the credits. It made us *mad* when we saw it. Arranged by everybody but us? *Excuse me!* What did we spend three weeks in rehearsal doing?!"

"The next record is going to be more us," says Jan. Though there's no plan to start a second album before the Autumn, what with a heavy schedule of touring.

VIXEN (L-R): ROXY PETRUCCI, JANET GARDNER, JAN KUEHNEMUND AND SHARE PEDERSEN

They've been touring Europe on a bus, with the crew, just like any other rough, tough rock band. Just a few necessary changes:

"You should have seen us take the bus apart!" says Roxy.

"The bunks were too small," says Jan, "we couldn't fit in!"

"It was like a coffin!" Roxy confirms. "So they re-arranged the whole bus, the beds are pretty big now. It's fun, it's comfortable — you just get in the bus, eat a little bit and you go to sleep. We hang with the crew on the bus — we're family."

"They're just one of the girls," says Jan. "The bus is like a home on wheels; it's like when I was a kid and used to go away with my parents in a camper."

"Well, you do get pretty grungey," confesses Share. "It's like, 'If I don't take a shower today, I can sleep another hour!'"

"But it's a compromise," says Janet. "You do find ways to get your own space, somewhere to put your teddy bear, your magazines and stuff. You just get into the frame of mind of not thinking about the world outside the bus. I don't even have an itinerary! I know I'm not going anywhere else and I know they're not going anywhere without me!"

"It's like, when I'm at home I'm a very quiet person," says Share, "and I don't like noise. But when you're on the road you don't notice it. You do become a little bit more of a 'rock animal!'"

THE ONLY problem with this 'being *gurls*' business is that in the middle of nowhere people think you're the headliner's groupies. "All the time!" screams Roxy. "At one of the first Eddie Money shows we did in the States they thought we were all Eddie Money's girlfriends — *no way* could we have been the band!"

"One of the funniest things," says Janet, "happened after one of the Eddie Money shows. Jan and I got on the elevator and there were two girls standing outside looking at us. And one girl goes, 'Why do you look like those people in the band?' And we looked at each other and went, 'Because they're our *sisters!*' And they went, 'Sisters? No way! Those were *guys!*' Jan and I just fell over laughing!"

See, it wasn't just me. Still they're the first to admit that sex is a crucial part of rock 'n' roll, and I couldn't have got them to come out with a quote about the band being a grand gesture on behalf of feminism if I'd have chained them to the floor and forced them to listen to the Boulevard album!

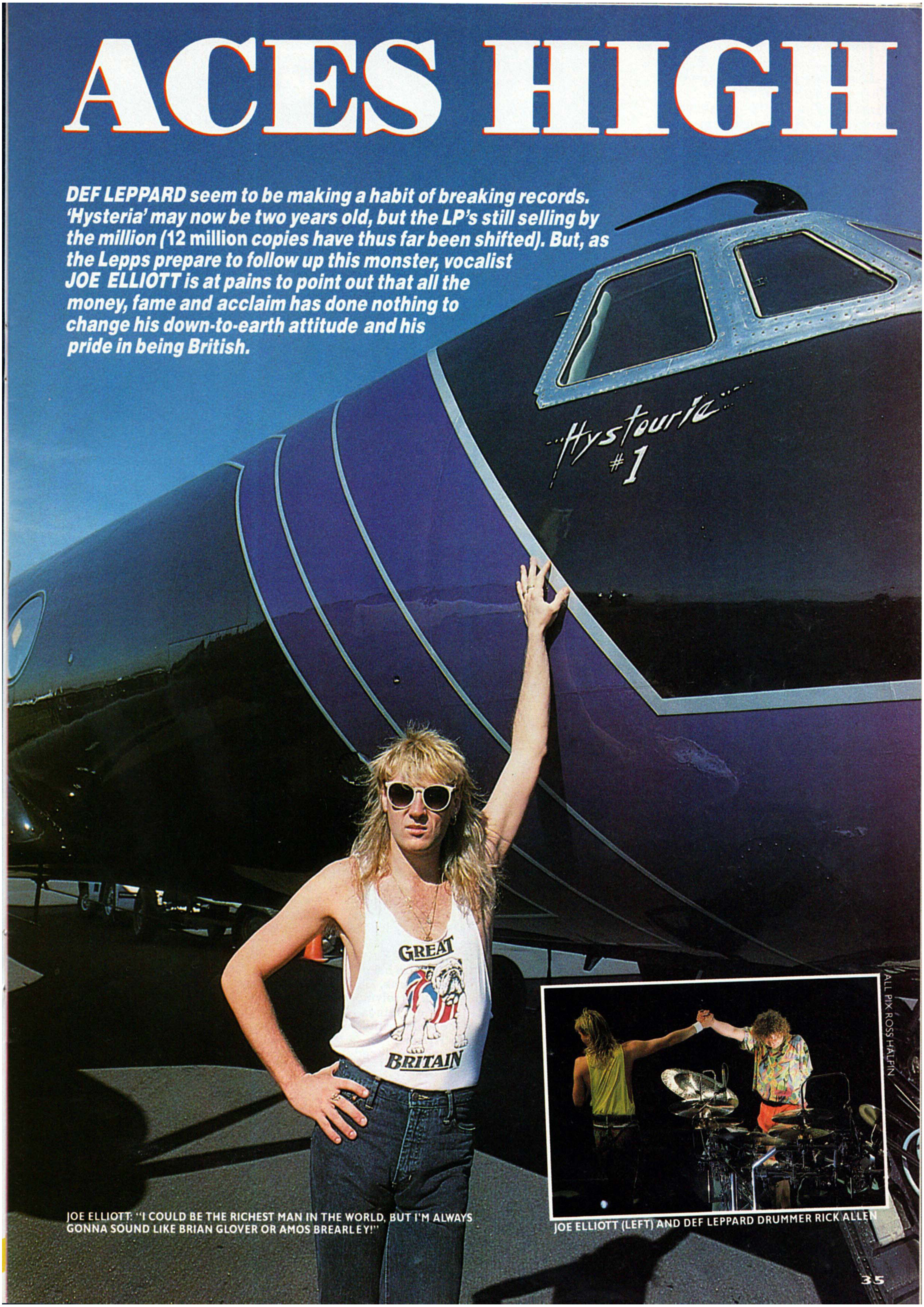
So if they're not cashing in on the all-girl bit, what exactly would they say Vixen's got going for it that no other band has?

"I think in terms of music and showmanship, this band is much more of a unit than a lot of others I've seen," Roxy is quick to reply. "When you watch the show, everybody works very well together. It's a real band, not just one person and company — like with Bon Jovi you watch Jon, or with Heart you watch the two girls — when you see Vixen it's four different people but it's a *team*. There's a real camaraderie happening, onstage and off, and I think that's what makes it special."

SYLVIE SIMMONS

ACES HIGH

***DEF LEPPARD** seem to be making a habit of breaking records. 'Hysteria' may now be two years old, but the LP's still selling by the million (12 million copies have thus far been shifted). But, as the Lepps prepare to follow up this monster, vocalist **JOE ELLIOTT** is at pains to point out that all the money, fame and acclaim has done nothing to change his down-to-earth attitude and his pride in being British.*



JOE ELLIOTT: "I COULD BE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD, BUT I'M ALWAYS GONNA SOUND LIKE BRIAN GLOVER OR AMOS BREARLEY!"

JOE ELLIOTT (LEFT) AND DEF LEPPARD DRUMMER RICK ALLEN

ALL PIX ROSS HALFIN

THEY ARE the only artists *ever* to sell over seven million copies of successive albums in the US. They are the only rock band to have three Top Five single hits from the same album in America. They have now sold over 12 million copies worldwide of that album, 'Hysteria'. They are right up there with the most successful rock artists of all time, triumphing in the 'best group' and 'best album' categories at the recent American Music Awards.

They are Def Leppard.

It's now about two years since 'Hysteria' was born, after a long and painful pregnancy, succeeding the mega-selling 'Pyromania' child in the upper echelons of the world's pop charts, and its fortunes are still snowballing. Despite providing Leppard with their first domestic Number One album on its day of release, 'Hysteria' took a year to reach the same heady altitude in America, where even today it remains in the Top Ten, belatedly picking up platinum awards in territories as far-flung as Australia. It's all a far cry from when five gangling, spotty 16-year-olds came stuttering out of Sheffield ten years ago to open shows for the likes of Sammy Hagar and AC/DC . . .

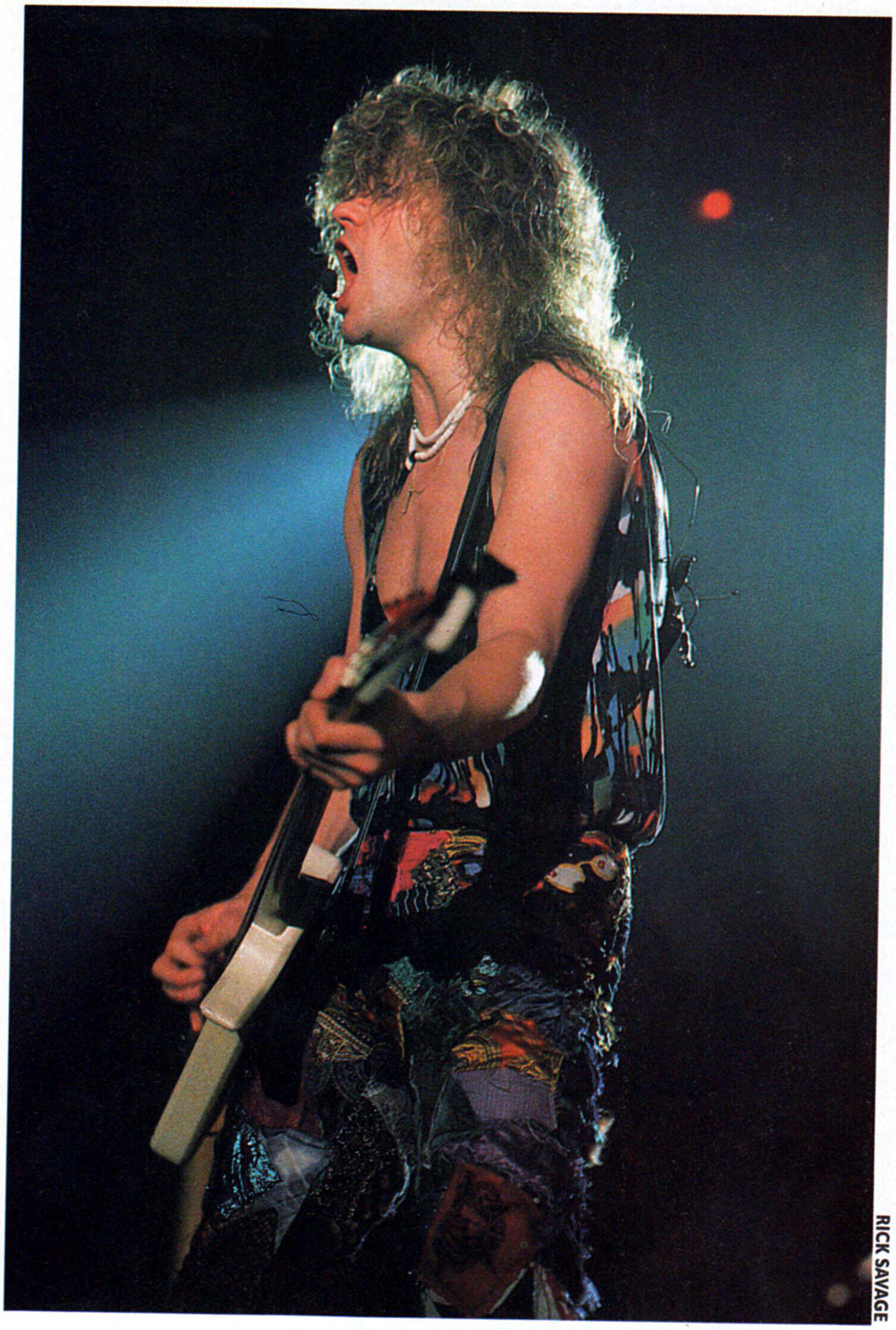
Def Leppard have the world in their pocket, but the word 'complacent' has yet to infiltrate their vocabulary. 'Hysteria' may still be riding high, but work has already begun on its successor at Wisseloord Studios in Hilversum, Holland; vocalist Joe Elliott, guitarist Steve Clark, bassist Rick Savage, drummer Rick Allen and guitarist Phil Collen may suddenly have found themselves thrust into the millionaire bracket, but the novelty of their success hasn't hindered their hunger for progress . . .

"We're on the hunt for hooks," says Elliott from within the bowels of Wisseloord. "We've realised that the secret of a successful song is a bit like the secret of fishing — you dangle a tasty hook and hope that people will want to take a bite."

Actually, Leppard are going to be working on their new album on and off for the best part of this year, going into the studio for six weeks at a time to record three songs, then taking six weeks off to write the next batch. Already four songs have been written — one, a ballad called 'Tonight', was actually recorded last May after the band's UK tour — and there's also a re-working of 'Tear It Down' (a number previously recorded in three hours, according to Joe, for the B-side of the 'Animal' 45) to be considered.

But, most significantly, this time Leppard will be stepping out *without* the support of 'Mutt' Lange, the man whose production and arrangement work and general influence on the band's previous three albums ('Hysteria', 'Pyromania' and 'High 'N' Dry') has been widely acknowledged as playing a key role in their international success. Mike Shipley, who engineered the aforementioned trio of albums as well as mixing the last two, will co-produce the new record with the band themselves; but will they be able to capture that famous Leppard sound minus the presence of Lange?

"Yes, we'll still go for the 'big' production," confirms Joe, "because it's always been something we've enjoyed. If you listen to our first album ('On Through



RICK SAVAGE

The Night'— 1980) you'll see that even as a bunch of naive 17-year-old kids we were trying to re-make Queen's 'Sheer Heart Attack' . . . though we missed by a million miles! It wasn't until we got 'Mutt' in (Tom Allom produced the debut effort) that we were shown the way, and obviously we've learnt a lot from him. But this time he isn't available to work with us, so we're having to go into the big blue yonder alone, and I suppose most of the time we'll be relying on our memory of how 'Mutt' did things."

Which suggests that the sound of the next LP will be similar to 'Hysteria', an album that many felt was *over*-produced. Upon its release, I certainly subscribed to that school of thought, yet 24 months on, consistent exposure to the record — via hit singles like 'Animal', 'Pour Some Sugar On Me', 'Hysteria' and the current Top 40 Song, 'Rocket' — has coaxed me into the opinion that it's actually the quality of the production that makes the thing stand out from its contemporaries.

"I can understand that," agrees Joe, "but then we wanted to make an album with the kind of depth and balance of songs that would give it longevity. We lived with 15 different track running orders before we settled on the final one, because we wanted to make sure it was right. And we'd often spend six weeks just listening to *one* song to make sure it sounded spot on.

"I really think 'Hysteria' was ahead of its time production-wise," Joe adds, "and that's what 'Mutt' is good at. The album is two years old now, yet it still sounds, like, NOW. We became the blueprint for everybody else, I think, because everyone seems to be coming up with that 'big' production now.

"And we'll never shy away from that 'big' sound," the singer continues. "Our attitude has always been: 'Why *can't* you put a Yes-type production on a song like 'Run Riot'? *Why not?*' And the reason you can't is because people believe it's not cool, it's not rough 'n' raw enough to be rock. So we said, 'F★★k 'em, let's *make* it cool! Let's put a Frankie Goes To Hollywood-type production on a rock 'n' roll song!' I mean, I think the 'raw' thing sounds great with some bands — like the Georgia Satellites, who sound as if they

just went into the studio with a bottle of Jack Daniel's and did it in one go. But that wouldn't suit us, and I'm pleased we've been able to cross over — not into George Michael territory or anything, but just being able to put pop values and a poppy-type production onto basic rock 'n' roll songs. And I mean, 12 million people seem to agree with me!"

APART FROM the arguments over whether Leppard have 'wimped out' with their ultra-polished production etc., etc., the band have also been dogged by rumours that they don't even play on all of their records; the most scurrilous of these cites Lange as playing virtually all of the instruments on some of the songs . . .

"I haven't heard anything so ridiculous," coughs Joe. "Although I *did* get accused by someone around the time of the 'Pyromania' album of bringing in a 'ringer' to do two of the songs, because I couldn't manage them! I found that one amusing, because whether I'm a good singer or not I don't think there's anyone in the *world* who's got a voice like mine. I don't care what people say, I've got a clear conscience, and if people see us play live then they'll know that we're quite capable of handling the songs ourselves."

Maybe and maybe not, as there's certainly no shortage of people claiming that Leppard are one of the many bands around today who actually mime to tapes onstage . . .

"Oh yeah, we've had a lot of people accusing us of that," Joe replies. "One night in Detroit on the last tour Rudy Sarzo from Whitesnake came backstage after the show and said, 'You're using

STEVE CLARK

tapes, right? C'mon, you can tell me, I'm not a f★★king journalist!' Well, I can tell you that we don't use *any tapes whatsoever*, on my mother's life. People don't realise that after the last album we spent *eight weeks* — six hours a day — rehearsing for the tour, so everyone was fully fit on the vocal side of things. No, we don't have people behind the amps singing for us — although I can understand some people thinking that; they probably don't notice the fact that 'Sav' and Rick use little 'Captain Scarlet'-type microphones for singing.

"But having said that, I don't find it insulting that people think we sound good enough to be using tapes, I find it flattering. It's hysterical. I mean, especially us, because we're not the best singers in the world . . ."

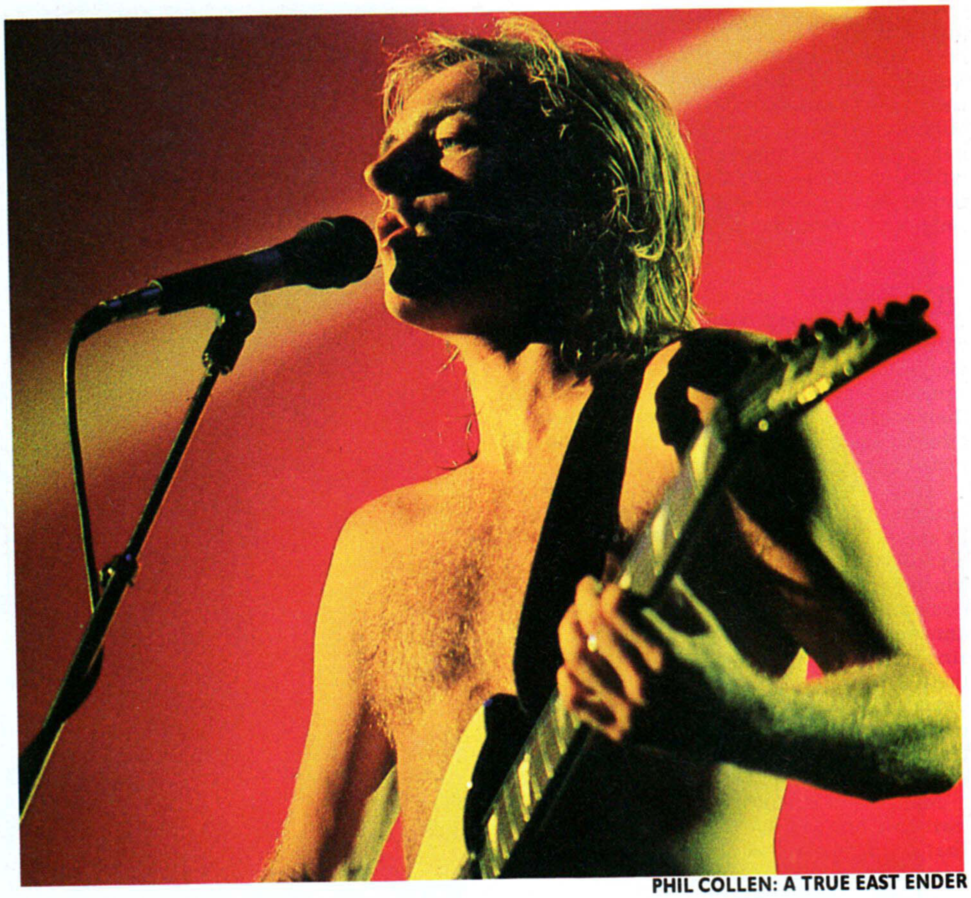
Not for the first time, Elliott's endearing honesty and humble Yorkshire manner belies the fact that he is a multi-millionaire rock star. His voice is tinged with the wisdom of a decade's experience and an increasing business sense, but at the core of it all is the same constitution and outlook that saw the young singer through a struggling adolescence in which dreams of the fame and fortune currently bestowed upon him seemed as unreal as a Sheffield United-Sheffield Wednesday Cup Final! Clearly, this is one Leppard who hasn't changed his spots.

So, has the extent of the band's success actually sunk in yet?

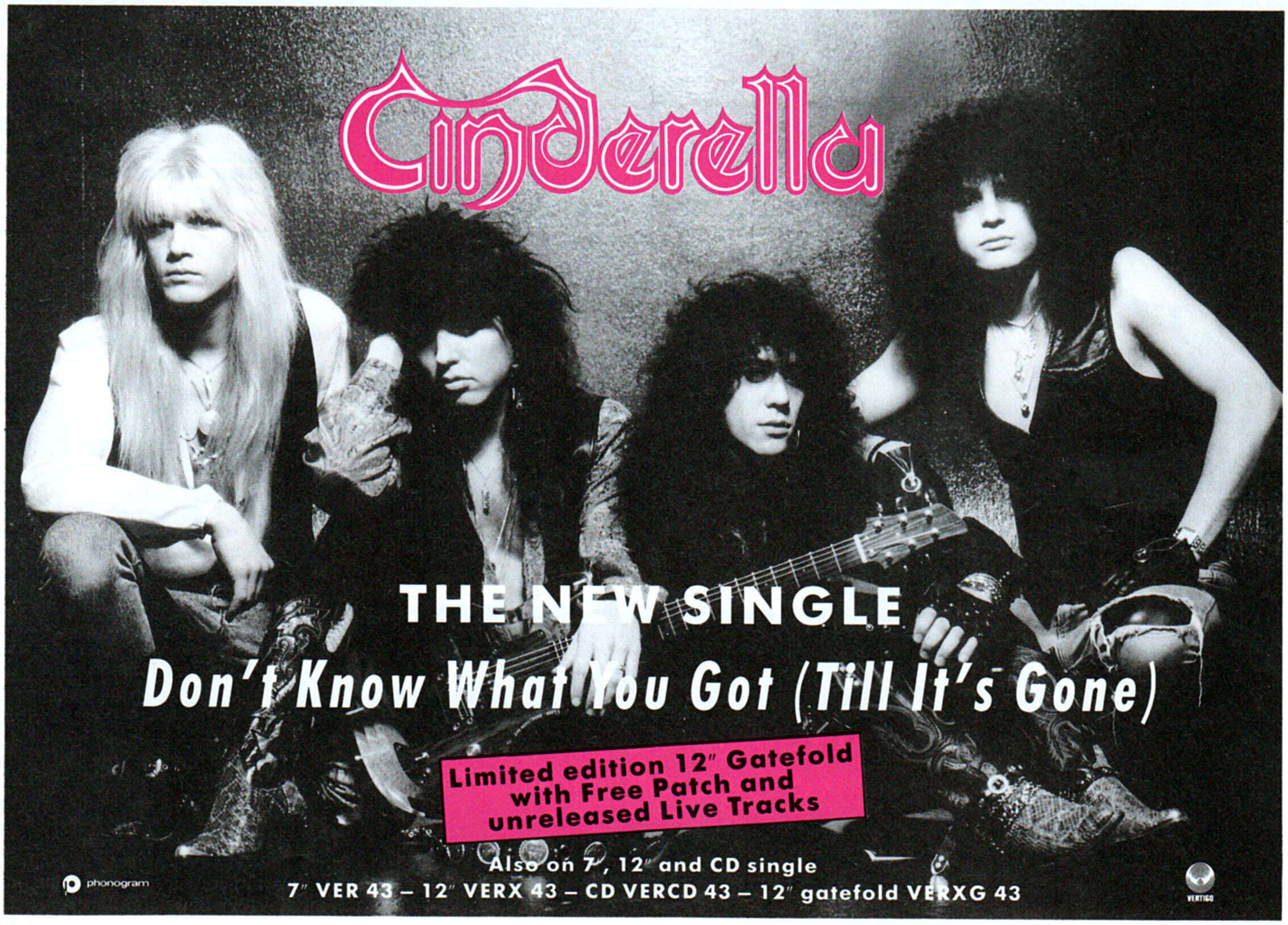
"No," replies Joe. "I think you only think about it afterwards when you're down and out! You see, we're still happening, so because we're stuck in the middle of it all it has become the norm to say, 'Yeah, we've sold ten, 11, 12 million albums . . .'. It's still amazing that it's happening to us, because I know that most people would trade in their private parts to sell *one* million, whereas we're virtually doing that per month! But we don't want to rest on our laurels and sit back with our arms folded thinking we could put an hour's worth of goat farts on our next record and it would sell. That's not our way."

So what *is* the best thing about doing what Def Leppard have done?

"Well," Joe ponders, "I like the fact that my careers officer laughed at me and told



PHIL COLLEN: A TRUE EAST ENDER



me not to be so daft when I told him I wanted to be a rock star. I also like the fact that my mum and dad said, 'Why don't you get a *real* job?', and now they're glad I didn't! And I also like the 'sore thumb' thing; if anyone was going to become a massive British rock act I'm glad it was us, because when we get nominated for all these awards an' that in America it really feels great to stand out like a sore thumb and fly the flag for Britain and British rock."

But what about all that lovely lolly, Joe? The stately homes, the Lear jets, the gold-plated limos, the diamond-encrusted bimbos . . .?

"Erh," comes the retort. "The good thing about having money is that it's all become a hobby once again, because I don't *need* it anymore. I'm not stupid with money, I've got enough to be comfortable, and I can just enjoy what I do from now on without worrying where my next meal is coming from. It's like Humphrey Bogart said, 'It's just 'F★★k You' money!' — you use it to get out of tricky situations.

"I'm not the kind of guy who'll spend £36,000 filling a bath full of champagne just to have a photo taken in it. We're not a band who'll spend £100,000 on an end-of-tour party or anything. Our money goes back into the band; I mean, we financed the last album and it cost a *fortune!*

"The one thing you can't ever lose is your roots," adds Joe. "With us, you've got Phil from the East End of London, and the rest of us are from a working class part of Sheffield, and that is instilled in your brain. I could be the richest man in the world, but I'm always gonna sound like Brian Glover or Amos Brearley!"

SO HOW much money has Joe actually earned from Leppard, your persistent pen-pusher was itching to know?

"Well, I do check up on my bank statement from time to time," he replies cagily, "and to be honest, it isn't as much as some might think. I mean, 'Hysteria' has sold 12 million copies, and if you take it that the average cost of an album worldwide is about six quid, then it doesn't take much working out to see that the record company has grossed £72 million. Now, we're on a percentage of that — something between ten and 20 per cent — but once the management has taken 20 per cent of that and you've split the remainder five different ways and paid your tax, that magic figure of £72 million has been drastically whittled down. I mean, yes, we *are* a million-pound band, but at the end of the day all we are is a cog in a huge record company machine — a catalogue number in a filing cabinet in some accountant's office — and that keeps us down-to-earth.

"Even so," he adds, "there's only six people I can talk to about my money without feeling uncomfortable, and that's the other guys in the band and Peter and Cliff (Mensch and Burnstein, Leppard's management team). I can't sit in a pub with my mates, when one of them is going, 'Oh God, I've got to get £35 together to get a plumber in', when I could . . ." His voice tails off, almost embarrassed to add that he could probably afford a team of plumbers the size of the England football squad.

But the point of the matter is that Leppard *have* remained extraordinarily down-to-earth; it isn't at all surprising that they've kept in contact with their old friends in Sheffield — including former Lepps guitarist Pete Willis who, despite getting kicked out of the band amidst a certain amount of animosity due to his excessive drinking, has now cleaned himself up, got married, started a family, and is currently putting his own project together.

"Pete always comes to see us when we play in Sheffield," says Joe, "and it's good to see him looking healthy. I've a feeling he's left it a bit late to cash in on our success with his own thing, but we'll do anything we can to help him if he does get something together.

"And it's the same with my other friends from home," he continues. "I abuse my name as often as I can to get them free albums, tickets and so on. Y'see, in the early days my mates would borrow their fathers' cars to help us take our gear to a pub, and they'd be up 'til four in the morning helping us unload the gear. Now, if I can do anything to help pay those people back I will, even if it's just getting them advance copies of our albums."

Joe says there's nothing he misses from the old days in Sheffield ("What is there to miss? Five quid gigs? Sleeping in the back of a van? No, we're a massive success and I enjoy that unashamedly!"); what he *does* miss is the competition from other British bands . . .

"Apart from us and Maiden, no-one from home has really cracked it big in recent years," Joe considers. "I mean, Samson never got started, Saxon have disappeared, Angel Witch sunk without trace, Diamond Head never sold a record . . . Girl was the best band of the NWOBHM that didn't make it, and that was such a shame. But why didn't it happen for those bands? Why hasn't anyone done it since us? It's so frustrating.

"Everyone was dying for Heavy Pettin to be big, but they weren't. FM were the same. Shy . . . nothing. Baby Tuckoo . . . they split up. Chrome Molly . . . what have they done? It seems as if the music industry in Britain isn't giving these bands a chance, which is crazy when you look at the amount of albums us, Bon Jovi, and even Metallica are selling! I mean, we really want record companies to sign up more rock acts, because I'd love a kick up the arse from a young British band, but there's no-one within a million miles of us. Wouldn't it be nice to see Little Angels make it?

"In fact, the best new band around at the moment is an Irish outfit called No Sweat (an "Americanised Lizzy"- type band who Joe produced a demo for recently, and who Peter Mensch could well be managing in the near future), and I'm hoping they'll get a deal soon. They really are a fantastic little band, with a brilliant singer who's so good he makes me sick, and I reckon with a bit of luck they could be the next big thing, because they're the best new band I've seen since us.

"Look," Joe points out emphatically, "there has *got* to be a Leppard for the Nineties coming through. Of course, I hope WE are the Leppard of the Nineties, but the point is it's ten years since we were signed (in August '79) and it's high time someone new came out of Britain to take the rock world by storm. I'd love to see a young British five-piece rock band headlining Wembley Arena, wouldn't you?

"Somewhere in Britain right now is a band who can do exactly what we did," Joe assures me, "because if *we* can do it *anyone* can. I mean, I think we are a bloody good band, but it didn't come natural to us, we worked like hell to get where we are. There's usually one Glenn Hoddle in every band, and the rest are Billy Bremners and Archie Gemmills, the work horses . . . and that's like us. I'm not the best singer in the world, and I'm not naturally good-looking — not like Mike Tramp (from White Lion) or Jon Bon Jovi, who probably look good when they're having a crap! — but I make the most of what I've got and no-one can take that away from me.

"The thing that really annoys me is when you get singers like Paul Rodgers and Glenn Hughes who are *born* with a thousand-times the voice I've got, but who just waste their talents by abusing what they've got. That makes me sick, because they could do — whilst laying in bed having breakfast — what takes me *days* of hard graft to do.

"But if I've got to work for it, I will, and the young kids starting off out there should take note of my good luck story. It's the Gary Mabbutt story — a kid with diabetes who manages to play soccer for England. It's Asa Hartford with a hole in his heart, who still managed to play for Scotland. It's Joe Elliott with half-a-voice, selling 12 million records, thank you very much!"

MARK PUTTERFORD

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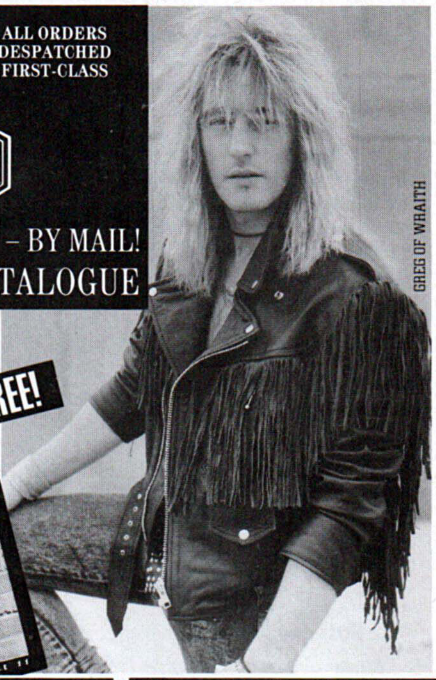

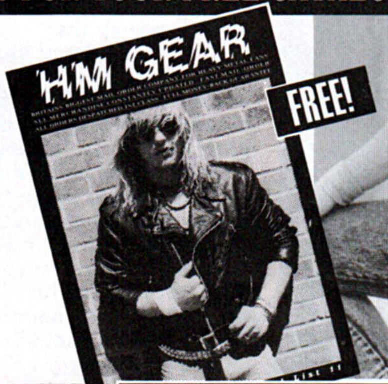

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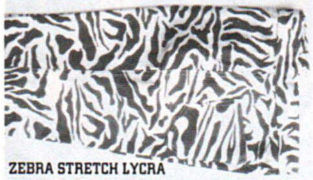

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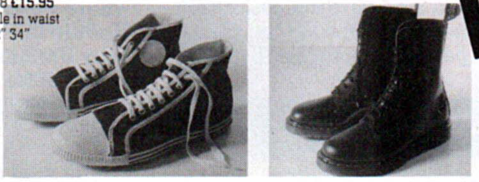

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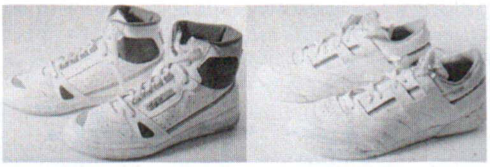

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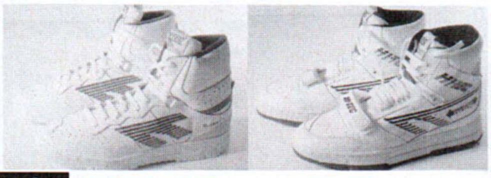

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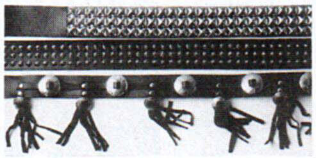

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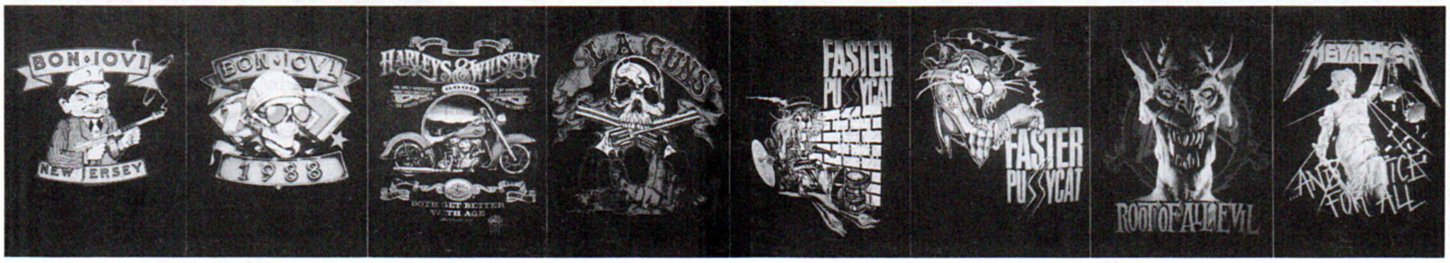

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33 Round up

SHERIFF 'Sheriff' (Capitol CL-91216 import)
MUSIC, LIKE football, can be a funny ol' game at the best of times. Take Norwich City, no-hopers one minute and chasing the top honours the next. You never know where you stand!

Look at Sheriff. The Canadian quintet actually *split up* in '82 after recording one album (*this* one, actually!) with two of their number, Arnold David Lanni and Wolf D. Hassel, going on to form Capitol act Frozen Ghost.

So how come they've got a single called 'When I'm With You' at the top of the US charts as I write? It seems that the 'Sheriff' LP has been re-issued to quite a positive reaction over there, but in all honesty I'm at a loss to understand what the Great American Public sees in a band like this. They play a breezy, if unspectacular brand of AOR that's been done a thousand times before to better results. At their most appealing ('Crazy Without You' and 'You Remind Me') they bring to mind the commerciality of the immaculate Roadmaster (RIP), but at the bottom end of the scale they plumb the depths with corny rabble-rousers like 'Give Me Rock 'N' Roll' and 'Kept Me Coming'.

And *that* single? It's a fragile, almost apologetic tear-jerker that'll remind you of *every* rock ballad you've ever heard.

Sheriff are an archetypal mid-table rock band; hardly in danger of relegation but not exactly promotion fodder either. Will they reform to cash in on their unexpected success? Does anyone except American record executives really give a toss? Probably not, but rumours indicate the LP will be out here very soon. Ho hum.

DAVE LING 6½

DEATHROW 'Deception Ignored' (Noise N 0128-1)
I APPLAUD this band's energy, enthusiasm and sheer hunger. But that's as far as I can go. As with the vast majority of Thrash-style releases these days, 'Deception . . .' offers little musical imagination, no muscular appreciation of instrumental dexterity and as for a sense of dynamics . . . asking for such a beast is akin to hoping that the local paraplegic school could beat the French Rugby Union side in Paris!

The use of a piano intro for 'Triocton' and a classical guitar interlude on 'Machinery' (both courtesy of Uwe Osterlehner) suggests a dexterity and imagination never matched elsewhere. Deathrow belong to the increasing pile of detritus, growing ever more rancid as Thrash goes into self-extermination.

MALCOLM DOME 3

TREAT 'Treat' (Vertigo 8367271)
HELL, I DON'T know. You like to think you've got the wisdom of Solomon In Spandex when it comes to this rock-crit business, but sometimes it's just impossible to tell whether you're hearing a class act or expensive fakes, clever Made-In-Scandinavia copies or the Real Thing.

There's obviously some very able playing here — nice guitar, especially, from Anders Wikstron, who doubles on keyboards, and the impossibly-named Lillen Liljegren — plus some juicy harmonies and a command of the mid-tempo, made-for-radio poppier side of rock. But my instincts tell me it's crap. It doesn't make my nerves tingle and the blood pulse in my veins.

This is a compilation record of the Swedish band's previous two albums, so far only released on the Continent. Most of the songs start out well, full of heavy promise, but soon degenerate into pop-rock formula, Joey Tempest Barbie-dolls, hairless and ball-less when you look up close. Best on an AOR level are the singalong 'Ride Me High' and the attractive 'Fallen Angel'. Worst are 'World Of Promises', which sounds so contrived, and 'Save Yourself' with its clichéd lyrics (not *'reach for the sky'* again!!!).

Good, I guess, but I don't like it.

SYLVIE SIMMONS 5

DOKKEN 'Back In The Streets' (Repertoire Records 2005-L import)
WEIRD. BLOODY weird. Don't ask me what this one's all about because it leaves me just as puzzled as the next guy.

This is a German release (on red vinyl) that documents the band's formative years circa their self-titled, debut album on Carrere Records (1979) with some unreleased material. It features the line-up of Don Dokken (lead vocals/guitar/wig), George Lynch (lead guitar/vocals), Mick Brown (drums) and current Ratt man Juan Croucier (bass/vocals). Only problem is that the sleeve shows Dokken, Lynch, Brown and *Gary Holland*, the drummer who played on Great White's first LP and is now with Britton. The plot thickens . . .

The music? Well, let's just say that there's been plenty of improvements since these tracks were cut. 'We're Going Wrong' blatantly rips off UFO's 'Hot 'N' Ready' (from the latter's 'Obsession' album, released a year earlier), 'Felony' boasts puerile lyrics and a set of Bad News-style riffs, whilst the title track sees Dokken turning in a lead vocal that's curiously reminiscent of Angel's Frank Dimino.

Suffice to say there's nothing here to hold a candle to 'Unchain The Night', 'When Heaven Comes Down' or 'Breaking The Chains'. For collectors only.

DAVE LING 5½

VICTORY (L-R): TOMMY NEWTON, PETER KNORN, FERN GARCIA, HERMAN FRANK AND FRITZ RANDOW

VICTORY 'Culture Killed The Native' (Metronome 837 781-2)
WHAT'S WRONG? Why is it that, much as I try to enjoy this epistle, I just end up shrugging my shoulders and walking away with a degree of disappointment.

It's not that 'Culture . . .' is bad, merely that it fails to set me afire in the manner I used to think this band were capable of. Maybe it's the loss of vocalist Charlie Huhn (to Humble Pie); certainly his replacement, Swiss guy Fernando Garcia, is nothing special. Perhaps it's the monotonous clichés trotted out constantly in the name of basic Hard Rock. Overall, though, the LP is just another in a perpetual line of such albums from groups with average abilities and average aspirations.

Sack the singer. Get in a stronger producer . . . and believe in *yourselves*. That's my message to Victory. Until then . . . not good enough.

MALCOLM DOME 6

DEFIANCE 'Product Of Society' (Roadrunner Records RO 9504-1)
DEFIANCE APPEAR to have emerged from nowhere. Actually, they hail from the Bay Area and 'Product Of Society' shows the young quintet to be full of flair and promise.

In many respects, Defiance are cast in the time-honoured traditions of the Bay Area, combining classic time changes, weaving, chunky guitars and rapid-fire vocals. What separates this lot from other locals such as Forbidden and Mordred, however, is Annihilator man Jeff Water's production, which allows a certain clarity to shine through.

Standout tracks include 'Lock Jaw' and the gargantuan 'Hypothermia', which along with the instrumental 'Tribulation' serve to highlight the blossoming partnership between guitarists Dirk Harrington and Jim Adams.

'Product Of Society' is far from being a classic album, the band still requiring time to develop fully, yet all the key ingredients for future greatness appear to be present. Promising stuff.

PHIL ALEXANDER 6½

IQ 'Are You Sitting Comfortably' (Squawk/Phonogram 8364291)
IQ ARE one of those groups that you're glad exists, even if you don't want much to do with them.

'Are You Sitting Comfortably' is the band's third album, counting their debut indie effort with a different vocalist (Peter Nicholls), and it could have gone either way; in the past IQ have been responsible for moments of pure genius, as well as those of unmitigated rubbish. It's gone both.

Side One takes them down some pretty boggy by-roads — the Alarm/U2 soldier-boy Glory-pop of opening track 'War Heroes' doesn't work so well; 'Drive On' seems too deliberately jaunty and commercial; and the ten-minute 'Nostalgia'/'Falling Apart At The Seams', though bravely experimental and often good, is not the masterpiece they probably hoped for.

But Side Two is often excellent. The innocent, youthful 'Sold On You'; the lush and tender 'Fingers' wraps its colours and inflexions around your brain; 'Wurensh' is well worthy, going all over the place; and 'Nothing At All' is lovely, lyrical.

Who like? Hard to say if you don't know them; a less dippy Marillion, Peter Gabriel with a more tender angst, Phil Collins on a fusion binge. Written in a Dorset farmhouse and recorded in the Surrey countryside with producer Terry Brown (Rush/Cutting Crew), it's intelligent Rural Hippy stuff, dark nights and log fires. Pretty good.

SYLVIE SIMMONS 7

THE ROYAL COURT OF CHINA 'Geared & Primed' (A&M SP 5234 import)
THEY'RE A four-piece from Nashville who, it has been said, deliver *'a fiery brew of intensified rock 'n' roll crunch that flies in the face of traditional forms, yet extorts the finest elements of musical visionaries like The Who and the Sex Pistols'.* Not by me, though, I hasten to add.

In fact, the scars from several blades of Yank Rock burn through the scuffed leather exterior of the Royals. Rootsy, ballsy, trashy and various other adjectives ending in 'y' belch their way to the tip of the tongue, and at a volume guaranteed to singe your nostril hair it certainly does slash a nervous grin across your stubble.

But attitude isn't always enough to etch a piece of plastic on your memory forever, and these Court cases are going to have to come up with the odd hook or five if they're to emulate the zillion-selling success of Guns n' Roses, one of the many bands the China men owe something to.

At the moment, unlike most things Chinese, TRCOC don't really leave you wanting more half-an-hour later.

MARK PUTTERFORD 6

ALL IMPORT ALBUMS MENTIONED HERE ARE AVAILABLE FROM SHADES RECORDS, LONDON

VINYL COUNTDOWN

ALBUMS

1 — THE GREAT RADIO CONTROVERSY **Tesla** (Geffen)
2 — AFTER THE WAR **Gary Moore** (Virgin)
3 — 30 LEGENDARY YEARS **Various** (Polydor)
4 — FABULOUS DISASTER **Exodus** (Music For Nations)
5 2 LIES . . . **Guns n' Roses** (Geffen)
6 1 A SHOW OF HANDS **Rush** (Vertigo)
7 — SKID ROW **Skid Row** (Atlantic)
8 26 HOUSE OF LORDS **House Of Lords** (Simmons Records)
9 19 OPEN UP AND SAY . . . AHH! **Poison** (Enigma/Capitol)
10 5 HYSTERIA **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
11 3 APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION **Guns n' Roses** (Geffen)
12 4 NEW JERSEY **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
13 10 IN THE DYNAMITE JET SALOON **The Dogs D'Amour** (China)
14 6 SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
15 8 LITA FORD **Lita Ford** (Dreamland/RCA)
16 12 KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART II **Helloween** (Noise)
17 13 FROM ENSLAVEMENT TO OBLITERATION **Napalm Death** (Earache)
18 — BACK IN THE STREETS **Dokken** (Repertoire)
19 7 SMASHES, THRASHES & HITS **Kiss** (Vertigo)
20 11 SOFT METAL **Various** (Stylus)
21 — BARNESTORMING **Jimmy Barnes** (Mushroom)
22 — TURN BACK TRILOBITE **Sacrilege** (Music For Nations)
23 20 HEART **Heart** (Capitol)
24 9 THE THIEVING MAGPIE **Marillion** (EMI)
25 — SECOND HONEYMOON **Craaft** (RCA)
26 16 LONG COLD WINTER **Cinderella** (Vertigo)
27 — PILGRIMAGE **Zed Yago** (RCA)
28 21 KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART I **Helloween** (Noise)
29 22 STATE OF EUPHORIA **Anthrax** (Megaforce/Island)
30 18 FEMME FATALE **Femme Fatale** (MCA)

Compiled by MRIB

US CHARTS

1 1 LIES . . . **Guns n' Roses** (Geffen)
2 2 APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION **Guns n' Roses** (Geffen)
3 5 . . . AND JUSTICE FOR ALL **Metallica** (Elektra)
4 3 OPEN UP AND SAY . . . AHH! **Poison** (Enigma/Capitol)
5 — FABULOUS DISASTER **Exodus** (Combat)
6 8 HYSTERIA **Def Leppard** (PolyGram)
7 4 BULLETBOYS **BulletBoys** (Warner Brothers)
8 7 WINGER **Winger** (Atlantic)
9 9 NEW JERSEY **Bon Jovi** (PolyGram)
10 — SKID ROW **Skid Row** (Atlantic)
11 13 PRIDE **White Lion** (Atlantic)
12 12 A SHOW OF HANDS **Rush** (PolyGram)
13 10 REACH FOR THE SKY **Ratt** (Atlantic)
14 11 SMASHES, THRASHES & HITS **Kiss** (PolyGram)
15 16 VIVID **Living Colour** (Epic)
16 6 NO REST FOR THE WICKED **Ozzy Osbourne** (CBS Associated)
17 17 DREAMING # 11 **Joe Satriani** (Relativity)
18 14 BEAST FROM THE EAST **Dokken** (Elektra)
19 — FORBIDDEN EVIL **Forbidden** (Combat)
20 21 BLOW MY FUSE **Kix** (Atlantic)
21 — BACK WITH A BONG **Murphy's Law** (Profile)
22 — BORN TO EXPIRE **Leeway** (Profile)
23 29 SURF NICARAGUA **Sacred Reich** (Metal Blade)
24 15 STATE OF EUPHORIA **Anthrax** (Megaforce/Island)
25 30 NOTHING'S SHOCKING **Jane's Addiction** (Warner Brothers)
26 24 DANZIG **Danzig** (Def American Recordings)
27 28 ANCIENT DREAMS **Candlemass** (Metal Blade)
28 18 BRITNY FOX **Britny Fox** (Columbia)
29 22 SOUTH OF HEAVEN **Slayer** (Def Jam)
30 19 LONG COLD WINTER **Cinderella** (PolyGram)

Compiled by Concrete Marketing

SINGLES

1 — EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN **Poison** (Enigma/Capitol)
2 — ROCKET **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
3 3 HOW COME IT NEVER RAINS **The Dogs D'Amour** (China)
4 1 AFTER THE WAR **Gary Moore** (Virgin)
5 — FALLING IN AND OUT OF LOVE **Femme Fatale** (MCA)
6 2 HIPPY HIPPY SHAKE **Georgia Satellites** (Elektra)
7 26 FREEBIRD **Lynyrd Skynyrd** (MCA)
8 — HOT THING **Gaye Bikers On Acid** (Virgin)
9 15 FALLEN ANGEL **Poison** (Enigma/Capitol)
10 5 WHO'S CRYING NOW EP **Journey** (CBS)

Compiled by MRIB

POISON: TAKING THE THORNY TRIP TO THE TOP OF THE CHARTS

IMPORTS

1 7 BACK IN THE STREETS **Dokken** (Repertoire)
2 2 BARNESTORMING **Jimmy Barnes** (Mushroom)
3 3 SWEET DREAMS **Sword** (Aquarius)
4 5 SHERIFF **Sheriff** (Capitol)
5 — DIRTY ROTTEN STINKING FILTHY RICH **Warrant** (Columbia)
6 4 WEAR AND TEAR **Concrete Jungle** (ABCM)
7 — GEARED AND PRIMED **The Royal Court Of China** (A&M)
8 6 ESCAPE FROM THE JUNGLE **Guns n' Roses** (Geffen)
9 — MASTERS OF REALITY **Masters Of Reality** (Def American Recordings)
10 — HARDCORE **Paul Dean** (Columbia)

Compiled by MRIB

MOP CHART

1 MOPPING IS MY BUSINESS . . . AND BUSINESS IS GOOD **Megadeth**
2 FOR THOSE ABOUT TO MOP **AC/DC**
3 . . . AND JUSTICE FOR MOPS **Metallica**
4 KEEPER OF THE SEVEN MOPS **Helloween**
5 SO FAR, SO GOOD . . . SO MOP? **Megadeth**
6 DIRTY FLOORS DONE DIRT CHEAP **AC/DC**
7 SEVENTH MOP OF A SEVENTH MOP **Iron Maiden**
8 DIARY OF A MAD MOP **Ozzy Osbourne**
9 MOP OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf**
10 SCANDINAVIAN MOPS **Deep Purple**

Compiled by Chris "Arry' Brough and Steve 'Eddie' Brough, Edinburgh.

Right, have you got any thoughts on Silly Charts? What about a meringue chart? Or howzabout a knickers one? Whatever, send your suggestions to: **RAW Silly Charts, 58 George Street, London W1H 5RG.**

PLAYLISTS

DANTE BONUTTO
FAVOURITE RECORD: 'The Headless Children' W.A.S.P.
FAVOURITE VIDEO: 'To Russia With Love And Other Savage Amusements' Scorpions
FAVOURITE FILM: 'All Of Me' (starring Steve Martin)

SYLVIE SIMMONS
FAVOURITE RECORD: 'New York' Lou Reed
FAVOURITE VIDEO: 'Dream Demon' (starring Jimmy Nail)
FAVOURITE FILM: 'Young Guns' (starring Emelio Estevez)

IAN GILLAN (Deep Purple)
FAVOURITE RECORD: 'Let It Roll' Little Feat
FAVOURITE VIDEO: 'Rio' Michael Nesmith
FAVOURITE FILM: Anything starring Arnold Schwarzenegger.

LORRAINE LEWIS (Femme Fatale)
FAVOURITE RECORD: 'Rocks' Aerosmith
FAVOURITE VIDEO: 'Paradise City' Guns n' Roses
FAVOURITE FILM: '9½ Weeks' (starring Kim Bassinger and Mickey Rourke)

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PERSONAL

PENPAL MAG for lonely people. Approval copy from: MATCHMAKER, (E.79), CHORLEY, LANCS.

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Band Stop Press News

LÄÄZ ROCKIT release a new album, '**Annihilation Principal**', through the Enigma label in the UK on March 13. The full track listing is:

Side One: 'Fire In The Hole', 'Mob Justice', 'Chains Of Fools', 'Shadow Company' and 'Holiday In Cambodia' (a cover version of the **Dead Kennedys** classic).

Side Two: 'Bad Blood', 'Chasin' Charlie', 'Mirror To Madness' and 'The Omen'.

SOOTHSAYER, FROM Canada, are currently recording their debut album at Studio Cert in Quebec with producer **Pierre Tramblay**. Tentatively titled '**Have A Good Time**' it will be released through the New Renaissance label in the US during April and among those songs set to be featured are: 'Pimple Sprayer', 'Go Team Go', 'Rock And Roll Forever' and 'Free Violence'.

VANDAMNE HAVE finally managed to recruit a new drummer. His name is **Andy Skinner**, and he has spent the last year in a Swedish band called **Notorious** (nothing to do with the UK act signed to WEA Records, who feature vocalist **Sean Harris** and guitarist **Robin George**).

DRI HAVE parted company with bassist **Josh Pappa**. And whilst the four-stringer has now returned to his native Texas, the rest of the band are currently seeking a suitable replacement.

TREDEGAR HAVE now confirmed their new line-up. It features **Lee Jones/Kevin J. Street** (lead guitar), **Fabrice Francese** (bass), **Trixie Thorne** (lead vocals) and **Ray Phillips** (drums).

The band are expected to begin work on an album during March and they're also putting together a UK tour. Any venues or promoters interested in booking the band should write to: **New House Farm, Trefil, Tredegar, Gwent, South Wales NP4 4MD. Tel: 049 525 4568.**

THE WAREHOUSE NIGHT CLUB in Leeds are holding a weekly rock night every Wednesday. Admission is £1 (before 11pm)/£1.50 (thereafter) and the club is open from 9pm until 2am. It is situated at: **19-21 Somers Street, Leeds**.

Evil Intent

STEEL FURY will issue their debut album, '**Lesser Of Two Evils**', through the New Renaissance label in the US during March. It was recorded at Public Recorders Studios in California, and among those tracks set to be featured on the LP are: 'Justice Day', 'Private Room', 'No More' and 'Too Fast'.

STEEL FURY: LP ON THE WAY

THE WARD BROTHERS issue their debut, self-titled album through the Virgin label imminently. Co-produced by the band with **Mark Wallace**, it has the following track listing:

Side One: 'Slow Down Imelda', 'Leave Us Alone' (set to be released as a single, with '30,000 Ft.' on the flip), 'Waiting On You', 'Ambition' and 'North & South'.

Side Two: 'Kings', 'Be This Way', 'Blues For You', 'Heartbreak Street' and 'Who Will Help Us Now'.

KISS ONCE again have an official British fan club. It's called **Kiss Crazy** and the intention is to produce a quarterly magazine covering all aspects of the band — past, present and future.

The first edition was published in December and contained a complete history of the band. For further information on the fan club (including membership details), write to: **Carol Watkinson, Kiss Crazy, 41 North Rd., Islington, London N7 9DP.**

Brazil Gets Thrashed

SEPULTURA, THRASHERS from Brazil, will issue their first album since signing to the Roadracer/Roadrunner label during April.

Produced by **Scott Burns** at Nas Nuvens Studio in Rio De Janeiro/mixed at Morrisound Studios (Tampa), it has the following track listing: 'Beneath The Remains' (also the title of the LP), 'Mass Hypnosis', 'Inner Self', 'Lobotomy', 'Sarcastic Existence', 'Slaves Of Pain', 'Primitive Future', 'Hungry' and 'Stronger Than Hate'.

The band's line-up is **Paulo Jr.** (bass), **Igor Cavalera** (drums), **Andreas Kisser** (guitar) and **Max Cavalera** (vocals/guitar).

SEPULTURA: GOING NUTS ON VINYL

PANAMA, the London quintet, have parted company with lead vocalist **Tony Lawrence**, the band's co-founder along with ex-**White Spirit/Tank** drummer **Graeme Crallan**.

Lawrence had been unhappy with the band's direction for some time and things came to a head after a recent headline show at The Marquee Club. As a result they decided to go their separate ways, Lawrence heading in a heavier direction and Panama taking a slightly softer route.

"There was no nastiness in the split," explained the singer, and he revealed that he would be working with guitarist **Bill Leisgang** (previously a member of **Xero**, the band who released a single that featured **Iron Maiden** vocalist **Bruce Dickinson** some years back) on an album for an unspecified US label. Some 14 songs have already been written for this purpose.

Panama, meanwhile, are looking for a replacement and they stress that he should be under 25 years old and image conscious. Applicants should contact **Grant Samuels** on **(01) 381 8989**.

Get Your Gun

GIN $LING, from Newcastle, have replaced their former vocalist **Derek Davison** with **Tom E. Gun**, the Welsh rocker who released a solo single ('Victim Of A Snakebite') towards the end of last year.

The quintet are currently rehearsing for a tour that's due to take place later this month and for the release of a 12" single in the Spring. They're also keen to point out that they own the Gin $ling name, despite the fact that Davison *could* be forming a band of the same moniker.

WHIPLASH WILL issue their third LP, '**Insult To Injury**', through the Roadrunner label during March. Produced by **Tom Morris** at Morrisound Studios in Tampa, Florida, it has the following track listing:

Side One: 'Voice Of Sanity', 'Hiroshima', 'Insult To Injury', 'Dementia 13' and 'Essence Of Evil'.

Side Two: 'Witness To The Terror', 'Battlescars', 'Rape Of The Mind', 'Ticket To Mayhem', '4 E.S.' and 'Pistolwhipped'.

This LP marks the debut of new vocalist **Glen Hansen**.

GIN $LING (L-R): TOM E. GUNN, MIKI O., MARC AMA CHAN AND JON FURNESS

CHANGE IN THE LAW

MARSHALL LAW, the Midlands five-piece who were featured in ***RAW** Talent* back in Issue Three, have parted company with bassist **Malcolm Gould** due to his 'diminutive size and differing image'.

His replacement is the taller **Roger Davis**, formerly a member of fellow Midlands act **Roulette**, and the new line-up will shortly be setting off on a marathon tour which they've dubbed 'The Beast Strikes Back'.

Some 30 dates have already been booked with another 20 awaiting confirmation. Any venues interested in booking the band should contact **Dave Juste** on: **021 643 5610**.

In the meantime, Gould is looking for another band of a similar nature. He can be reached on: **0543 77060**.

PIC DAVID NOBLE

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polydor

HEAVY

They're being talked about as 'The Next Big Thing' to hit the rock world. They're called SKID ROW and come from New Jersey. Guitarist SCOTTI HILL gives an insight into the band's philosophy and outlook.

IT WAS a windswept afternoon on a New Jersey beach. The clouds were tinted with the dull grey of soporific abandon. The sand was worn down to an oily intensity. The rain swept a chill across the flesh. And there we sat. Jon Bon Jovi and I. Talking. Reminiscing. Hoping.

It was the Summer of '86. The 'Slippery When Wet' album was still a droplet, a twinkle in Jon's eye. But he had dreams, gleaming ambitions . . . and a new band to talk about called Skid Row. They came from the same area as did the BJ lads. They were good, very good. At least according to Jon. He was helping them out, trying to harness their demo energy and hone down the roughness. Attempting to play a role in getting the fellas a recording deal.

Over 2½ years later, the band are signed to Atlantic, under the McGhee Entertainment banner (the same managerial organisation who also look after Bon Jovi, Mötley Crüe, the Scorpions and a few others) . . . and their self-titled, debut album has apparently stamped 'em out as among those who are gonna be HUGE in '89. Honestly, the name whispered on the New Jersey breeze that Summer so long passed now stands on the verge of becoming household. The reviews rave, the fans adore. They're on tour in the US with the mighty Bon Jovi (supporting 'em for at least the next six months). Atlantic Records see 'em as a priority act. The world is their oyster . . . and they intend to prise open the shell and steal the pearl.

ME? I'M not totally convinced. The 'Skid Row' LP (produced by Michael Wagener and reviewed in Issue 11) hints at better times ahead, but it's inconsistent, lacking in punch and flair. A good band strait-jacketed by no more than an average record. There's sufficient in the grooves to suggest that they'll get better (much better), but the media rantings and ravings are a little premature. Still, Scotti Hill likes it . . .

"Man, I *love* the record. Sure, it's not the greatest LP ever made. But I know how much heart and soul we poured into its making. I really bled for my art and it's come out as the album I *truly* wanted to hear from us. But then again I've gotta admit to being biased!"

Scotti plays guitar with Skid Row, which tends to explain his one-sided opinions, but we'll forgive him such enthusiasm. He's worked hard enough over the years to make his dream come true.

"I used to stand in front of the mirror and impersonate Ace Frehley using my tennis racquet. And on two successive Hallowe'en nights I dressed up as the (now former) Kiss guitarist. We all went through so much to make Skid Row happen. That's why the name is so appropriate. If we haven't actually lived on skid row, then we've experienced its effects. We were determined to have the name — come what may."

They fought another US band for the rights (and won). They even went so far as to contact Gary Moore and ensure that he had no problem with them using the name of a band he was

METAL (S)KIDS

in during the early Seventies.

"Gary was real cool about the situation," says Hill. "Besides, our fans probably don't even know of the earlier Skid Row's existence. It's a new generation."

THE CURRENT line-up has been together for some 18 months, the five-piece finally gelling when ex-Madam X vocalist Sebastian Bach joined forces with Dave 'The Snake' Sabo (Hill's guitar buddy and an old school chum of Jon Bon Jovi's), Rachel Bolan (bass) and Rob Affuso (drums).

"We'd been through a lot of vocalists (including Matt Fallon, who briefly preceded Joey Belladonna in the Anthrax ranks; he co-wrote one number on the 'SR' LP, namely, 'Midnight/ Tornado') yet couldn't find the right guy . . ."

Until a friend spotted Bach jamming at a wedding with Kevin DuBrow (ex-Quiet Riot vocalist), Ozzy's guitarist Zakk Wylde and assorted members of Twisted Sister. Bach seemed the missing link for the Skidders. The message was passed to the boys and they . . .

". . . Pooled our meagre funds and flew him down to New Jersey from Toronto, where he was then based. He got up onstage, sang a few of our songs and . . ."

. . . It worked. The line-up was complete. The rest followed like a forest fire, sweeping across the music industry. The management deal. The label contract. The trip to Royal Recorders Studios in Lake Geneva (Wisconsin). The album. The current tour. The expectations.

"I don't feel any pressure by what's happened and how much is expected of us. We just do what we do. Every night after a show, we'll sit down and watch a video of our performance and analyse what can be improved upon. But we're having a blast and surprisingly doing well on this tour. Mind you, it *is* a shock going from headlining in the clubs to supporting in arenas. In New Jersey we're a big deal and everybody comes to see us. Now we have to work to get people off their asses. You have to look them in the eye and say, 'Get off your f**kin' butt and have a good time!' But we're learning all the time."

And the Bon Jovi boys are treating 'em well . . .

"Jon does watch us perform, but he doesn't pull any punches with his comments. If we suck, he'll say so. He wants us to grow in our own way and to be true to ourselves. And I just love watching Richie (Sambora) playing guitar. He's a real inspiration. I sometimes sit in his tuning room, watching him play and thinking to myself, 'Here's a guy who puts so much emotion into what he's doing. That's the way *I* wanna be'. I'm not the fastest guitarist around — everybody is faster than me — but that doesn't matter. What *is* important is the emotional feel. I want to cry real tears when I play. To me music is an emotion. You laugh, you play guitar."

THERE'S NO denying Scotti's genuine belief in what he's doing. He's got virtually 18 months of hard road work ahead. And whatever my reservations about the record, there's no questioning this band's determination to pay their dues and do *everything* necessary to make things happen.

SKID ROW (L-R): SCOTTI HILL, ROB AFFUSO, DAVE 'THE SNAKE' SABO, SEBASTIAN BACH AND RACHEL BOLAN

"I'm tired and hungry right now — but life is beautiful. Coming through all of the shit and suddenly to have this happen is a dream. We are scheduled to finish playing with Bon Jovi after doing three nights at Madison Square Garden. You don't realise what that means to a bunch of kids from our area. I've busted my ass and now the pay-off is just starting."

MALCOLM DOME

ROGUES Gallery

Full name
Full name? *Everything?* Uh-oh, it's Klaus *Willi* Meine.

Date of birth
May 21, 1948

Place of birth:
Hannover, West Germany.

Current home
Hannover.

Three adjectives to describe yourself
It's very difficult for me to describe myself because I am a Gemini, so I have two personalities. Onstage I'm a very crazy person, yet offstage I'm very private, not outgoing at all. So I give you two: Dr. Jekyll and Mr Hyde!

Instruments played
Guitar and a little bit of keyboards.

Who did you impersonate in front of the mirror?
Maybe Elvis Presley, but not in front of the mirror. It was in front of my family. Elvis was not only a great singer, but the way he moved — Elvis was just great. I still try to imitate him when I move onstage.

First vinyl appearance
1971, with the Scorpions, on the 'Lonesome Crow' LP.

Previous bands
Mushrooms and then Copernicus, the latter with Rudolf's brother Michael Schenker. Then I joined the Scorpions. I have only been in three bands.

Worst thing about you
That I can cope with life onstage more easily than I can cope with it offstage a lot of the time. If I'm in front of 20,000 people I'm fine, but in a so-called 'normal' situation, like going to the bank or talking to some business person one-to-one I feel pretty *un*-normal.

Daily life for me is much harder than being onstage.

Greatest thing you've ever done musically
I think singing 'Still Loving You' on the 'Love At First Sting' LP. It's a great song, probably the most successful song we've yet done, and I wrote the lyrics and stuff, so it'll always be very special to me.

Favourite musician (who plays your instrument)
Robert Plant.

Greatest piece of music you've ever heard
'Stairway To Heaven', from Led Zeppelin.

Hobbies and interests
Tennis. Because I'm not the kind of guy who likes to run around the block, jogging.

I remember before the last tour, we all said, 'Okay, let's get in shape for the tour', and the whole band said, 'We'll meet tomorrow at 12 o'clock to jog around the block' — and nobody appeared!

It's kind of boring to just run around with no purpose, yet with tennis whilst you have to run about a lot, it's still a game that's fun to play. I'm not into becoming the best tennis player ever or having the best technique, but I have a coach at home and when we play I just let him really push me to the limit, like real fitness training. Matthias (Jabs, Scorps lead guitarist) has taken up tennis as well now, and even Rudolf (Schenker, Scorps rhythm guitarist) has started.

SCORPIONS (L-R): MATTHIAS JABS, KLAUS MEINE, FRANCIS BUCHHOLZ, HERMAN RAREBELL AND RUDY SCHENKER

KLAUS MEINE: AIMING TO TAKE A SHOWER WITH VIXEN!

Biggest phobia
I don't like flying that much. I really hate small aeroplanes — 'puddle-jumpers' we call them — in which we have had to fly many times, especially on tour. We had one trip during the US Monsters Of Rock tour last year when we flew in one of those through a thunderstorm and it was really terrible. The whisky was being passed around the plane very, very fast!

Strange things you do in the privacy of your own home
This is strange. As a singer you have to take care of your voice all the time, not only at home but in general. So, wherever I am you can see me sitting in the corner reading a newspaper and I go, *'Ooooh, yeah!'* for no reason. It's just my personal soundcheck.

Most peculiar request from a fan
A fan once came to my house, rang at the door and said, 'I have a very special request. A good friend of mine is a big Scorpions fan and today is his birthday and I want you to throw a cake in his face. You did it onstage to Herman (Rarebell, Scorps drummer) at some show and my friend liked it so much that for him it would be the best possible surprise if Klaus Meine could throw a cake in *his* face on *his* birthday!'

And I said, 'Where is he?' He replied, 'He's around the corner — and he doesn't know!' So I said, 'Okay, if he likes it so much I'll do it!' So I went in and the bell rang again, he stood in front of the door, and when I opened the door I smashed a cake straight into his face. And he couldn't believe it! 'Oh no, Klause Meine is throwing cake in my face on my birthday! It's great, it's great!' It was hilarious.

If you were a woman, who would you be?
Catherine Deneuve. I like her very much — great actress. She's the first to come to mind.

Whose bathwater would you most like to drink?
Well, none. But I wouldn't mind taking a shower with the girls from Vixen, and if I had to drink anyone's bathwater it would be Vixen!

One thing about you that would surprise a RAW reader
That I'm still nervous before a show. But I need that kind of tension. It's like when you take a bow and arrow and you pull it back, and the tension gets bigger and bigger. When you let go it's like *woosh!* That's what it's like for me, going onstage.

Interrogation: SYLVIE SIMMONS

SCORPIONS

Full name
Rudolf Heinrich Schenker

Date of birth
August 31, 1948

Place of birth
I was born in the hospital in Hildesheim, West Germany, but Sarstedt was my home town.

Current home
About a hundred metres away in Swampstedt.

Three adjectives to describe yourself
I am a musician. That's all I can say. That's my life. When I was very young and my parents went to a dance on weekends, I would be twiddling the radio trying to find Radio Caroline or something to listen to music the whole night, from ten at night to four o'clock in the morning. So those are my three words: I. Am. Musician.

More adjectives? I am a normal person, a happy person. I was always happy, even in what people call the bad times when no money was there, and I am also happy now we have success.

Instruments played
I cannot even tell you that I play guitar, because when I think about myself there's always things I can't play; I always know I can do it better. So I can play guitar, but not really. Because if you say you can play it, that you've conquered it, and you're finished.

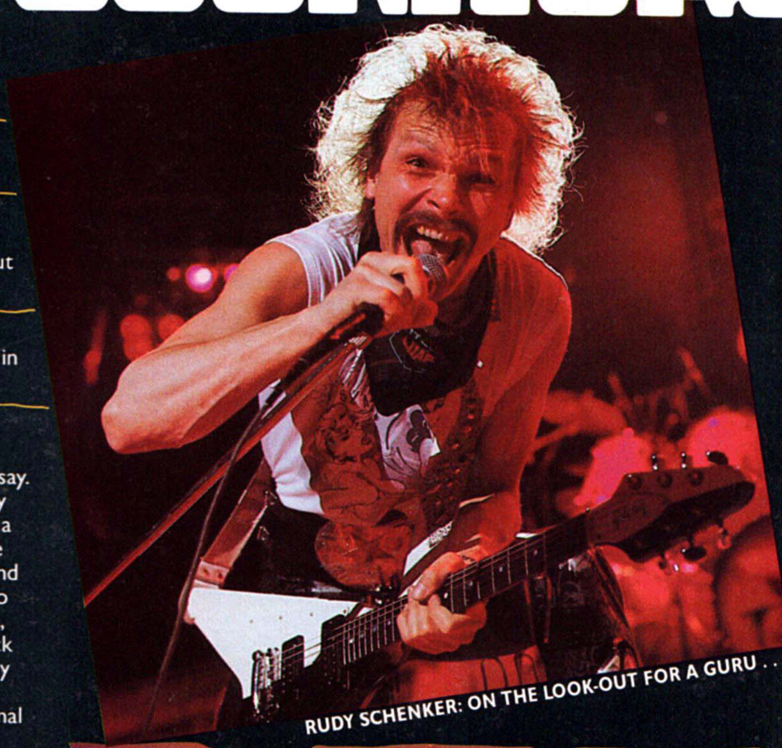
Who did you impersonate in front of the mirror?
Elvis Presley. I was in the early days an Elvis Presley fan. I went to the cinema to see his films, and he always looked like this (he makes a feeble attempt at a Presley lipcurl!).

Now I want to be myself. If I look in the mirror and see sometimes I look a little bit different I say, 'No, I have to come back to my own bath', to how I *like* to see myself.

First vinyl appearance
Scorpions, 1971, the 'Lonesome Crow' album.

Previous bands
Nothing. My first band was Scorpions, from 1965 onwards. I was the one who gave the band its name.

Worst thing about you
That I find it very hard to make decisions. Because I always see two sides of the story: out of something negative I can make something positive, and sometimes out of the positive I will make a negative. It's like, if it's raining I may think it's bad for me but it's good for nature. That's why it's hard for me to make a decision, because when you make a right decision, it can also be a wrong one for different reasons.



RUDY SCHENKER: ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR A GURU . . .

. . . BUT *NOT* INTENDING TO 'MAKE BABIES' WITH STRANGE WOMEN!

Greatest thing you've ever done musically
I hope my best is in the future, but if you ask me now it is the song 'Still Loving You'.

Favourite musician (who plays your instrument)
It's very hard to say because there is not just one. Maybe ten years ago I would have automatically said one — for example, one favourite is Jimmy Page, but he is going down hill now, and another is Peter Green, yet he has disappeared now — but the problem now is there's no-one I like above all others. Okay, if you put Eddie Van Halen, my brother (Michael Schenker), Jimmy Page and Peter Green together to make one person, then I have my favourite guitarist.

Greatest piece of music you've ever heard
Emotion-wise, 'Kashmir' from Led Zeppelin.

Hobbies and interests
I like to play soccer and also to read books about Far East philosophy. My hobby is people, to talk with interesting people and thereby get inspiration about life.

I'm also into astrology. I waited two years to get this (he shows me an entwined metal bracelet) which makes the stars give you some energy. It's like when you're driving a car, having no lights can get you into real trouble because you are in a cage on rubber wheels, and this bracelet is the same thing.

It is like a lightning conductor and protects me as well as giving me energy from the stars. I would like to meet a guru one day, but there are so many charlatans around, who know that people from the Western world like gurus, so there are many people saying, 'I am a guru' but they're not. I haven't met one yet, but maybe when the time is right I will.

Biggest phobia
Me! Sometimes I'm afraid that I will go too far and not be able to come back. And also I don't like rats. I was born in the Year Of The Rat, but in our world I don't like rats.

Strange things you do in the privacy of your own home
I used to stand on my head, but I stopped it. When we had guitarist Uli Jon Roth with us we had a song called 'Fly To The Rainbow', and I was standing on my head sometimes for 15 minutes, depending on how long Uli's solo lasted!

But at home I am pretty normal — or for me it is nothing strange. Except sometimes I pretend I am not there when people come knocking at the door, because after a tour I need to be quiet, to sort out all the experiences of the tour in my mind. Because if you don't do that, you can't get back into your own self again.

Most peculiar request from a fan
A girl once came to me and said, 'Rudolf, is it possible to make a baby? You don't have to pay anything or worry about it later, just give me a baby'. And I said, 'Excuse me, *no!*'

If you were a woman, who would you be?
I think the Estée Lauder (cosmetics) model, Olga-something, I think. I have regular favourite women — like the French actress, Catherine Deneuve — but the first time I saw this Olga girl in an advertisement, something, some personality, came shining through her eyes. That is the sort of person I would like to be if I were a woman.

Whose bathwater would you most like to drink?
No bathwater, except champagne, but nobody has to bathe in it first! If they do, I'll drink the champagne anyway!

One thing about you that would surprise a RAW reader
Nothing. I am a very normal person. Except that I have answered your strange British questions!

Interrogation: SYLVIE SIMMONS

eye level

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SAXON 'Power & The Glory — The Video Anthology' (Picture Music International £9.99)

IF THERE'S one thing *no-one* can accuse Saxon of, it's not consistently coming up with top-notch commercial rock toons: 'Back On The Streets', 'Waiting For The Night', 'Rock 'N' Roll Gypsy', 'I Can't Wait Anymore' . . . when you consider just how many great songs the tenacious Tykes have under their belt, the band's current dishevelled state becomes even harder to fathom.

However, it becomes painfully obvious as this anthology unfolds that the quality of the Saxon promos rarely matched that of their material. The likes of 'Nightmare', 'Just Let Me Rock' and 'Power And The Glory' are hardly staggering moments of cinematography with Grammy-winning potential. And even though the band's EMI deal for the 'Innocence Is No Excuse' album provided a noticeable increase in budget for the likes of 'Broken Heroes' (one of Saxon's finest), 'Rockin' Again' and 'Back On The Streets' (the latter two using 'cowboy' storylines — remember?), a quite incredible gaff has been made here, with *exactly the same footage* being used for both 'Rockin' Again' and 'Rock 'N' Roll Gypsy'!!

I nearly choked on my Earl Grey . . .

MARK PUTTERFORD

'CAMERON'S CLOSET' (Medusa £66.95)

THERE'S NOTHING wrong with formula, so long as it's *good* formula; Foreigner have been working on this principle for years, and so have horror films. 'Cameron's Closet' is almost a compilation of horror film clichés, but they've been compiled with such an expert eye that it makes for a very entertaining video.

It's a kind of patchwork of 'Poltergeist' and 'The Exorcist' with the occasional 'Evil Dead' thrown in for luck.

Cameron, a cutesy but surprisingly-non-nauseating ten-year-old, has been brought up by his scientist father to develop his psychic abilities. Bored with moving objects around by will alone, Cameron's been playing with a statue of a Demon-God-From-Hades that's lying around the living room (we all have those). And not just *any old* Demon-God-From-Hades either, but one that needs the mind of just such an innocent young psychic to bring it back from the depths of Hell and into the closet, where it can get up to all manner of unpleasant things (a lot of them to do with decapitating Daddies and burning eyeballs out).

Starring one-time matinée idol Tab Hunter (lover of the late Divine in 'Polyester') in one of his shortest roles yet, 'Cameron's Closet' is a pretty good Saturday-night job.

SYLVIE SIMMONS

'976 — EVIL' (Medusa £66.95)

PITY POOR Hoax. Bedevilled by a fanatically religious mother (a brilliant performance by Sandy Dennis), tormented by drug-crazed school bullies, besotted by his ultra-cool, Brando-esque cousin Spike, and hopelessly in love with his teacher. A loser. Until . . .

. . . He comes across a horoscope phone-line (976 — EVIL), and gets a direct connection to Hell itself. Soon, he is avidly following the telephone advice and wreaking havoc on his enemies. The entire movie has a certain 'Carrie'-style feel, and the denouement owes something to American TV shocker 'The Possessed'.

Stephen Geoffreys is rather convincing as Hoax, the movie is well directed by Robert 'Freddy Krueger' Englund (his debut behind the camera, and it's an auspicious, well balanced first effort) and there is sufficient gore quotient (courtesy of special effects mavin Kevin Yagher) to keep hack 'n' slash fanatics satisfied. A goodie.

MALCOLM DOME

'DREAM DEMON' (Palace Videos £66.95)

THERE ARE two things that films are notoriously bad at: capturing drug visions on celluloid, and reproducing a dream.

The nearest any recent film has come to getting it right on the dream side is probably this one, an English film starring Vanessa Redgrave's daughter, plus Timothy Spall and Jimmy Nail, both from 'Auf Wiedersehn Pet'. Dream-like, it's horrific and farcical, real and unreal, completely compulsive and doesn't make an awful lot of sense until the end.

Diana, a straight-laced, upper-class London girl, is engaged to marry Olly, a Falklands war hero. Daddy's bought her a nice old house for after the wedding day — in fact, the only problem is *The Dreams*. Every time Diana nods off, she has some seriously nasty nightmares, most involving Olly and blood and gore. But there's more to it than that.

Running from a couple of tabloid journalists (Spall and Nail — who are brilliant!) wanting to interview her about the size of the Falkland hero's whanger Diana is saved by Jenny Hoffman, a Joan Jettesque creature from LA who has come to London to check out the house she was born in and where her parents, apparently, died — Di's place, naturally!

The two women strike up a relationship, not just in the real world but in the subterranean (literally: the cellar) dream world, where Jenny finds 'Nightmare On Elm Street'-like that if she wants to live she'd better keep Diana awake.

Brilliant acting by a cast of just *nine* people, great story and some fine moments of gore. Video of the month, a mini masterpiece.

SYLVIE SIMMONS

MARC BOLAN 'Marc' (Channel 5 £7.99)

ONCE UPON a time the late Marc Bolan was someone I revered. In his prime, he had the cool and the presence to make such later pretenders as Paul Stanley appear about as effective as a stewed prune.

Filmed in 1977 and taken from a series of ITV kiddie pop shows Bolan himself hosted, 'Marc' sadly catches the main man almost parodying his natural flair and unique sense of presentation. He even goes so far as to mime to all his former hits, in the company of a backing band whose dress sense is at best on a par with that of Chas & Dave...and at worst akin to that of Benny from 'Crossroads'. A quite ridiculous contrast of dungarees, woolly hats and Bolan's low-slung Les Paul 'n' satin shirt chic!

'Marc' is little more than an incomplete collection of some of the man's finer musical moments, nullified by a ridiculous attempt at turning him from a musician into some sort of media megastar. An attempt that fails quite miserably.

Despite my admiration for large chunks of Bolan's work I can only recommend 'Marc' to die-hard fans — though even they may be driven to despair like me.

PHIL ALEXANDER

YNGWIE J. MALMSTEEN'S RISING FORCE 'Live '85' (Channel 5 £9.99)

THE BLACK clobber, the down-on-one-knee posing, the pseudo-classical licks, the sacrificial trashing of the white Strat . . . yes, Yngwie J. Blackmore is back with his Rising Ego, cloning his way through a lengthy presentation of his live set from four years ago, when Jeff Scott Soto took his turn at the microphone.

The Japs, not surprisingly perhaps, filmed this particular show at Tokyo's Nakano Sun Plaza, and they haven't made a bad job of it — although not even the clever-clever computer graphics used during 'Whingeing' work-outs like 'Far Beyond The Sun' can alleviate the tedium of Yngwie's relentless 'piddling'. Sure, the precocious Swede is a fantastic technical player — the speed of his fingers is quite awe-inspiring at times, and he obviously has more licks than an over-enthusiastic labrador. But 85 minutes of piddle-upon-piddle is slightly more than I can take.

MARK PUTTERFORD

SCORPIONS 'To Russia With Love And Other Savage Amusements' (Picture Music International £9.99)

BIG COUNTRY 'Peace In Our Time — Moscow 1988' (Channel 5 £9.99)

'GROOVY' GORBY drills a chink in the armour of the Iron Curtain, '*perestroika*'s tidal wave washes in the flotsam and jetsam of Western rock bands . . . and we batten down the hatches for the inevitable flood of memorabiliasky!

Big Country and the Scorpions were just two of the rock bands who visited the Soviet Union last year in the wake of Uriah Heep's historic visit in December '87, and naturally the video cameras were rolling in anticipation of some special moments. The Scorpions one certainly succeeds with footage of the band out on the streets meeting the people of Leningrad, playing football against a local team (although hardly up to Bayern Munich standards) and even joining in the festivities at a small rock club by jumping up for an impromptu jam.

The Big Country video, however, simply records the band's show and is rather disappointing as a result, particularly as the gig could've taken place *anywhere*!

The Scorps' effort is everything Big Country's isn't, giving the viewer a fascinating insight into Russian life. Each band member gets a chance to do their Cliff Michelmore bit — strolling around like extras from 'Holiday '89' — and within the 45 minutes the spirit of Glasnost is captured superbly by the expert direction of Nick Morris.

Neatly interwoven with all this is live footage of the band and a promo or two, but nothing is dragged out too long and your attention is rarely given a chance to wander. Scorpions fans are strongly advised to snap this up with some degree of urgency, and even those unfaithful to the ageing Germans might like to borrow a friend's copy to glimpse the Gorby generation at close quarters.

MARK PUTTERFORD

THE BE(A)ST IS YET TO COME!

'THE LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM' is the latest extravaganza from that 'enfant terrible' of the British silver screen **Ken Russell**. The formidable directorial deacon of depravity (responsible in the past for such classics as 'The Music Lovers', 'Women In Love', 'The Devils' and 'Tommy') has taken the **Bram Stoker** novel of the same title (written in 1912 by the Irishman, most renowned for his creation of the immortal **Dracula**) and turned it into a modern tale of rapacious sexuality, surreal paganism, gothic momentum and stark-staring black humour.

'LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM': WE'VE HEARD OF 'LOVE BITES' . . . BUT *THIS* IS RIDICULOUS!

Amanda Donohue plays **Lady Sylvia Marsh**, the latest in a long line of female demonic nemeses, who lures victims into her palatial lair and uses a reptilian propensity for injecting venom into their unsuspecting veins as a means of securing human sacrifices in order to resurrect an ancient god . . .

The rest we'll leave until a full review appears to coincide with the film's premiere on March 10. Suffice to say that this serpentine vampire story also stars **Hugh Grant**, **Catherine Oxenberg**, **Sammi Davis** and **Peter Capaldi**.

MALCOLM DOME

'RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD PART II' (18)

WITH 'NIGHT Of The Living Dead', director George A. Romero took the zombie from its peaceful life on the slave plantation and made it a nightmarish man-eater.

With 'Return Of The Living Dead', Dan O'Bannon took it to its next stage of celluloid evolution: as (just about) stand-up comic.

A fine idea to start with, bringing back the main couple you killed in the original and doing the whole thing again. Joey and Ed (Thom Mathews and James Karen) are robbing graves instead of running medical supplies warehouses this time. Meanwhile, one of those zombie-containing army barrels has fallen off the back of a lorry and rolled outside the cemetery, where the Dreaded Green Zombie Gas which caused such havoc in '... Part I' is unleashed by some curious boys. Soon the undead are all over the place, lurching about with their usual line in patter: *'I want your brains!'*

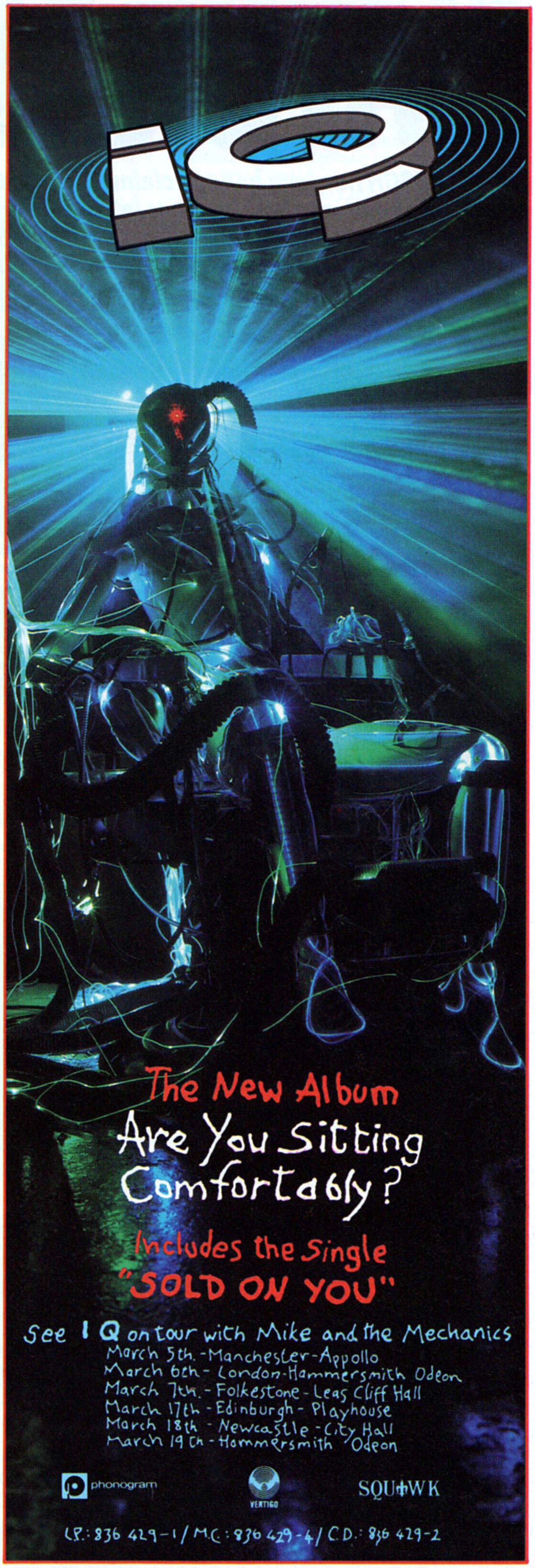
A wonder they don't starve to death with the brains they have on offer: the Screaming Girlfriend, the Tipsy Doctor, the Aerobicised Bimbo, the Heroic Cable TV-man. The only character not brain-dead to begin with is 12-year-old Jesse (Michael Kenworthy) who Saves The World.

There's some classic moments; watch out particularly for the pet shop which does a nice line in poodle brains. There's also some fine tributes and pisstakes – the zombie Michael Jackson, the nod to Romero's shopping-mall scene in 'Dawn Of The Dead'. And the direction (Ken Wiederhorn this time) is brilliant.

A laugh-a-minute splatterama.

SYLVIE SIMMONS

'RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD PART II': "BUT I'M ON THE GUEST LIST!"



NATURAL FORCES

DORO PESCH has long been acclaimed as the Queen of Warlock, the Germanic band who first took her into the international limelight. However, after releasing four albums with the band, she's finally made the jump into the solo spotlight. On the eve of the release of her 'Force Majeure' album, Doro talks about her career to date and the reasons for dismantling Warlock.

AFTER GETTING my first taste of German band Warlock some three years ago, I changed my view on women in Metal. What I had been exposed to previously were simply pathetic little girls completely void of any vocal or lyrical talent. Okay, so some of them weren't *too* bad, but 'Lock vocalist Dorothea Pesch raised my expectations to a new level. She became the Metal Queen by which every potential competitor would be judged.

I was sceptical, though. I wanted to meet this woman and find out what she was *really* made of. She has the talent, the looks, and the true Metal spirit, but nobody's perfect. I'll admit it. I went in looking for flaws, but Doro was nothing like I expected. She's very friendly, blushes at compliments, asks for your opinions and listens to them without taking offence. Downright endearing, in fact!

During the three days I spent around her and her new band (of which more shortly), I waited patiently for the infamous 'Three Minute Warning', but if this woman's got a temper — which she admits she *does* — I never saw her lose it. Thinking back over our conversations, I have come to the conclusion that Doro Pesch is the strongest, most dedicated musician I have ever met, unafraid to emerge from the Warlock ranks as a name in her own right, her just-completed solo album ('Force Majeure') already causing something of a positive stir, not least of all at her UK record label, Vertigo.

She was tested from the beginning, however, making her debut public performance at the age of 17 . . .

"We had formed our first band, Snakebite, and we were playing at a Punk club. It was a weird experience . . . *really* hard work. In the end we won them over, they were dancing and doing the pogo. We were just happy to find a place to play live. We were really Heavy Metal and in the beginning the Punks didn't think they were going to have a good time, but the last half of the set worked out great!"

Luckily for Doro, the German Metal scene in the early Eighties was wide open for female singers; indeed, looking back she can't recall any others in that area at the time. But was this tiny blonde taken seriously?

"Yeah, when we started the band everything else counted more than to be a girl. It was the spirit and the music. We never had any problem between boys and girls."

With Snakebite behind her and the sounds of T. Rex, Sweet and Slade ringing in her head, Doro went on to form Warlock . . .

"In the beginning (Dusseldorf, late '82) there was myself, Peter (Szigeti), Rudy (Graf), Frank (Rittel) and Michael (Eurich). We all played in different bands and rehearsed in the same place where there were about 30 other Heavy Metal groups — we all knew each other. Our guitarist Rudy found the name Warlock in an old magic book . . ."

DORO: "BEFORE YOU JUDGE ME SHOW ME WHAT YOU CAN DO"

PIC TONY MOTTRAM

From the start, however, it was Doro who held the reins, although "I always believed in a democratic band; it just didn't work out because the others didn't have the right attitude. They'd hang around instead of coming to rehearsal. When it became serious I knew that I had to take the responsibility to lead the band and everybody else who didn't want to make it . . . well, everybody got a *real* chance."

I wondered if she would ever consider sharing the limelight with another female. The answer is immediate.

"Yes, *definitely*. We were thinking about it with this new band, maybe a girl guitar player or a girl drummer, but I didn't know of any and then I found Bobby Rondinelli (ex-Rainbow drummer) and John Devin (young New Jersey guitarist — this latest line-up, also committed to tour with Doro, is completed by bassist Tommy Henrikson, previously a member of Warlock). My ego would never get in the way with another woman as long as her attitude was good and she played great. I would *love* it! It would be very interesting."

LET'S BREAK out the shovel and dig a little deeper, shall we? I wanted to find out how closely Doro's songs reflect her personality. The singer is a *true* Gemini and it shows in her music, her voice becoming softer as she began to open up . . .

"I am very emotional — I love to sing ballads. I am very soft in one way, yet very powerful and aggressive in another . . . that is my personality. The music is a mirror of what I do and think and see. I know that when I'm in a bad state of mind I'll make a bad record, like 'True As Steel' (1986). It wasn't as good as the stuff before or the stuff after. The music is a direct

reflection of what is going on inside."

So, what does this woman do for fun? Her current New York base is a paradise for party animals, right? Wrong.

"For the past six months I have spent *every* day working on the record, writing and rehearsing. I did not spend *one* day away from the studio. When I came to America one-and-a-half years ago, the very first day I went to a club, but that was the only time. Since then I've just been working, finding new band members and making decisions.

"After the last tour I had to go on a little trip for three weeks and really think about what I wanted to do — in the end I realised it was time for a change."

What, no dream vacations? Doro laughs.

"As stupid as it sounds, it would be home to Dusseldorf."

Being such an emotional person I was curious to find out how she's coped with all the criticism and negativity that the press and the Metal community in general have piled on her.

"Well, I must say that it hurts me," she admits, "especially when I know I didn't f★★k up. When I *do* f★★k up, it's okay. When they write exactly what happened onstage and I had a bad day then I can understand it, but when somebody writes something bad just to make a story exciting or maybe sell magazines, when I'm used in that way it really hurts.

"But I've learned to live with it. Instead of getting me down it just inspires me to work harder because I know I can do it. At first it upsets me, but I know I can do it, and I don't need the sexy outfits.

"It doesn't hurt as much now as it did in the beginning because then I was much more insecure. I thought maybe they were right. Now I know what is right and wrong for myself, I know when I'm good or not good. The music is so important to me, everything else is secondary, and they can't bring me down because music is what really counts in my life."

To the critics she has this word of advice: "Before you want to judge me, show me what YOU CAN DO!"

THE SLEEVE FOR DORO'S FORTHCOMING SOLO LP, 'FORCE MAJEURE'

Having seen only the good side, I thought it time for Doro to tell me about this temper I'd heard so much about . . .

"I think it's very bad sometimes. I cannot be quiet when something's on my mind. Sometimes I'm *too* spontaneous. It doesn't happen often but when it does it's for a good reason."

Then comes the 'Three Minute Warning'?

"Exactly! If someone does me wrong or betrays my trust I get *very* pissed off!"

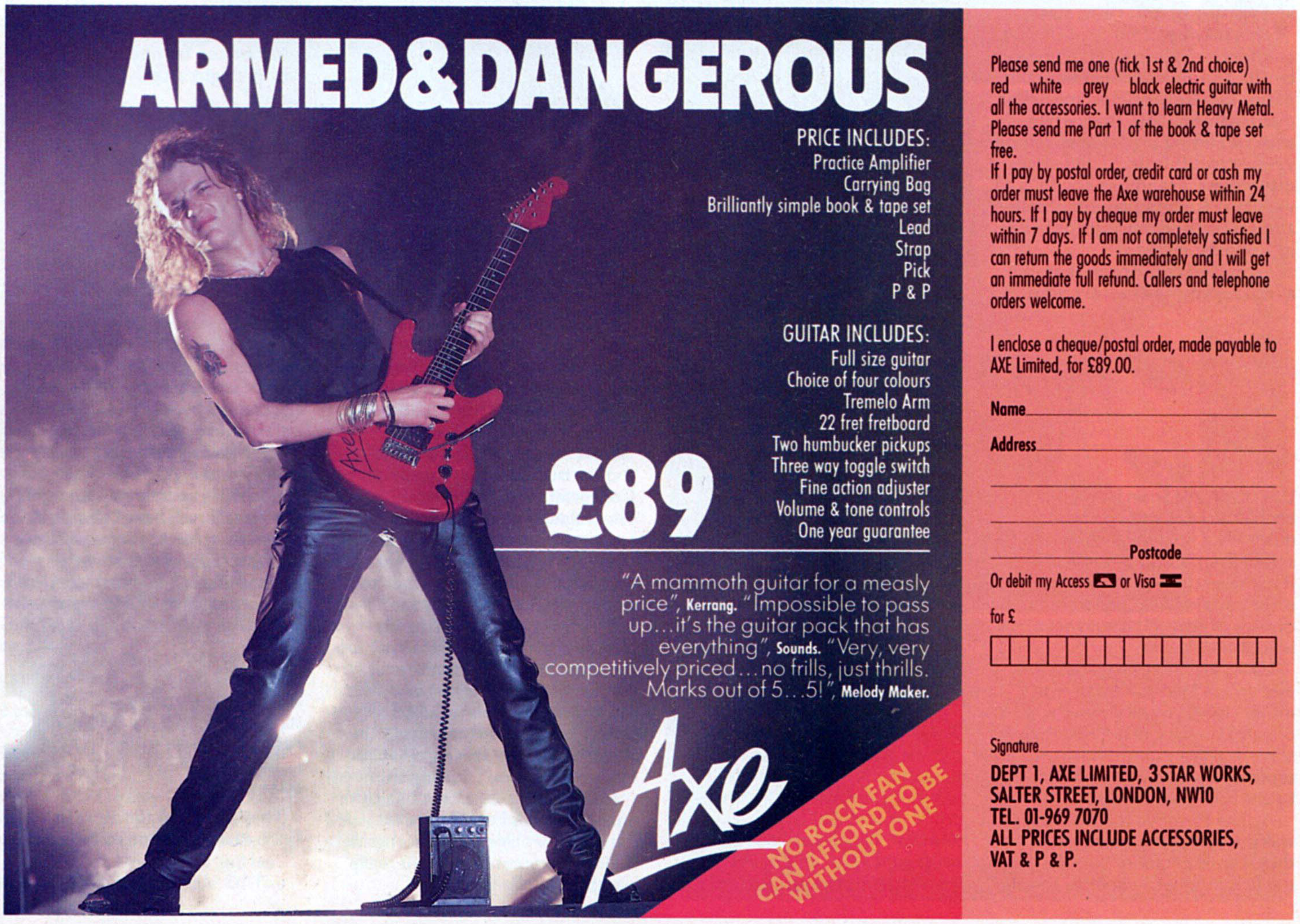
HAVING HEARD a few tracks of 'Force Majeure', her fifth album (release date March 6. The last four were recorded under the Warlock banner, of course), I personally see nothing keeping her from the top; Rondinelli adds considerably to his already weighty reputation and new find Devin instantly carves one out, while Doro's improved grasp of English results in a clearer, more powerful musical performance (yeah, you can hear the lyrics). Meanwhile, the production work of Joey Balin — who picks up a co-writing credit on all of the tracks, except for a highly acclaimed, speeded-up cover version of Procol Harum's classic 'Whiter Shade Of Pale' — keeps everything on a suitably even keel.

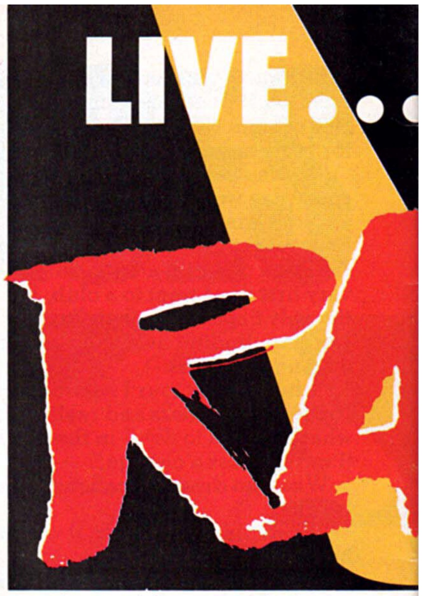
Already, those who've heard the record in its entirety are predicting that it will catapult Doro into a bigger league than ever before. Indeed it's worth nothing that Keith Reid (the man who wrote 'Whiter Shade . . .') actually came down to the studio to hear what had been done to his 'baby' — and came away utterly overwhelmed by Doro's vocal performance. Praise indeed!

Yet in a business where notoriety, blatant sex appeal, drug dabbling and ridiculous gimmicks can mean the difference between platinum and poverty, all too often the nice guys (and gals) finish last. Let's hope that things change for the better and talent counts for something in 1989.

May the Force be with you.

SABRINA FREES-PERRIN





CHEAP TRICK
The Palace Of Aubern Hills, Detroit
21.1.89
Verdict: Flaming brilliant!

SET-LIST:

'Just Got Back'/'California Man'/'Let Go'/'Dream Police'/'Never Had A Lot To Lose'/'If You Want My Love'/'I Know What I Want'/'Clock Strikes Ten'/'Ain't That A Shame'/'Don't Be Cruel'/'Ghost Town'/'The Flame'/'I Want You To Want Me'/'Surrender'/'Goodnight Now'/'Auf Weidersehen'.

"WHAT A HECTIC NIGHT!!" Robin Zander is screaming at me backstage just a short while after delivering the sort of supercharged performance that would have permanently damaged the larynx of a lesser vocalist. All I can do is nod, and attempt to regain my composure. He's right. It *has* been hectic. Cheap Trick are back again on home turf (or near as dammit) and the hospitality room is full of friendly people who just want to say a few words of congratulation.

For years the band have kept body, soul and pocket together by continuously touring in the heartland of America, and now that they're enjoying the success of a Number One single ('The Flame') and a platinum album ('Lap Of Luxury'), they are receiving the kind of welcome usually reserved for war heroes and visiting British Princesses.

This may be of no consolation to those who were disappointed by the band's most recent UK dates, but Cheap Trick are never more comfortable than when they're playing big fat arena-style venues like this one. The discordant, grandiose sound is so vast that it would become stifled and claustrophobically confined in a smaller venue.

Likewise, the larger-than-life, almost comic characters who make up the band. Guitarist Rick Nielsen is typically wacky and ridiculous, cavorting around like rock 'n' roll's answer to Norman Wisdom, showering plectrums on the faithful like plastic confetti, yet still managing to unleash some amazingly satisfying riffs and solos.

Bassist Tom Peterson spends most of the evening trying to avoid Hurricane Rick whilst precariously balancing a very silly cowboy hat on his hairdo; at the back, crouching with apparent nonchalance behind his kit, drummer Bun E. Carlos knocks out a beat as slick 'n' smooth as his shiny scalp, leaving frontman Robin Zander to strut back and forth across the stage with the sort of graceful, lazy sensuality that makes grown women (well, me and Sylvie anyway) behave like screaming teenagers at their first Budokan show.

Although I found every aspect of tonight's performance pleasurable, it was Zander's vocal prowess that had me clawing for superlatives and gasping for air. Take 'Dream Police' for example, where the piercing clarity of his delivery caused me to squeeze my hot-dog hard and drop a big globule of ketchup on to my nice suede boots. Classic stuff! Or what about the wonderful 'Ghost Town' from 'Lap Of Luxury', where Zander croons *'It's like a ghost town without your love'* and everyone gets kinda weepy except for Ricky who appears to be laughing! Heartless bastard!!

The sentimental theme continues with a staggeringly emotive rendition of 'The Flame', which reduces the crowd to a state of lighter-waving bliss. After the show Robin told me that the song "Means something to just about everyone", and that was certainly true of tonight's audience as they swayed and sang and hugged each other. Why, even our own dear Pete Cronin was smiling. *Possibly.*

PIC PETE CRONIN
ROBIN ZANDER: STILL SETTING FEMALE PULSES RACING

By the time we got to the likes of 'Surrender' and 'I Want You To Want Me' Zander was virtually out of a job, such was the excessive volume of the crowd's response. Nielsen completed the ritual by bringing on the five-necked guitar and 'the-one-that-looks-like-him', and then it was time to go and everyone was waving like crazy and wishing they could do another ten numbers at least. Fair brought a tear to the eye, it did.

Let's hope that the next US single 'Never Had A Lot To Lose' also makes Number One and that the band keep their promise to return to the UK in November. If not, I may have to throw myself off the side of a very tall building.

MAURA SUTTON

NIAGARA
Marquee Club, London
24.1.89
Verdict: Forget the album, check 'em out live instead.

UNTIL NOW Spain hasn't really been in any position to export much Hard Rock of proper substance, the half-baked Baron Rojo being the one Spanish band to make any kind of impression outside of their Mediterranean homeland.

Until now. Enter Niagara, a five-piece from Madrid who've won many friends up and down the country on their first UK club tour, somehow living up to the many superlatives thrown at them by the rock press of late.

At The Marquee the first shock was the size of the audience — they'd done excellent business at the first attempt — and the female contingent that swelled their numbers.

In all honesty, I'd be the first one to point out that 'Now Or Never', Niagara's debut album (produced by Rojo's Carlos De Castro and released here on Killerwatt) was at best patchy, but outside the constraints of both a small studio and recording budget the songs certainly spring to life. Swathed in the dexterous keyboards of Ricky Castraneda and the fast-fingered guitar technique of their own mini-Malmsteen, VM Aries, Niagara somehow come across as sensitive, punchy *and* tuneful.

In the past, many music journalists have conveniently compared any melodic act they're paid to describe to Bon Jovi. However, Niagara are one of the few groups who can genuinely come close to the yardstick of the giants from New Jersey. They specialise in well-orchestrated, commercial Hard Rock, anthems such as 'I Should Be Stronger', 'Secret Lover', 'I Will Be There' and the outstanding 'No Conversation' having already established them as Spain's biggest homegrown band. Surely these tunes are sufficiently glitzy and pompous to ensure similar stature all over the world. In their Scorpions-style ballad 'Take My Hand' they have a song that will set the stadiums alight. I can already picture the Bic lighters raised aloft as vocalist Tony Cuevas tells Long Beach Arena, California that, '*You shot me with your flaming eyes and made me feel alive*'. Stirring stuff.

It's a fitting tribute that Niagara's encore cover of the Dokken classic 'Into The Fire' blended in alongside their own composition. You really couldn't see the join!

Of course, you've heard this type of sentimental gushing about continental hopefuls a thousand times before, I know *I certainly have.* But what separates Niagara from acts like Warlock, Trust, Vandenberg and the multitude of German Thrash bands who do not sing in their native tongues is the fact that Cuevas was born in England and can communicate with little or no trace of a foreign accent.

Furthermore, Cuevas is a convincing frontman, commanding the stage as he twirls the mike stand and cuts all the traditional rock poses in his fringed purple jacket and ripped-in-all-the-right-places T-shirt.

They'll be back for more in April. Make sure you're there too.

DAVE LING

IN THE W

BONNIE TYLER
Dominion Theatre, London
1.2.89
Verdict: Forget her dodgy past, Bonnie's a rocker at heart

BEFORE THE lights go down, the PA entertains us with music by Magnum, AC/DC and 'Big Generator'-era Yes — and already the Yuppies in the stalls are shifting uncomfortably in their seats.

Show-time arrives and the band strike up a loping, distant beat that gradually mutates into a Survivor-style groove with a vague disco-fied edge. This is *not* what we'd been expecting.

Bonnie Tyler makes a dramatic entrance a few moments later and rasps out the opening lines of a song that, unless I'm mistaken, is called 'So Ravishing', but her voice is so gravelly and throaty that she could equally have been singing about the *radishes* she ate earlier in the evening. This lady sounds like she's been the victim of a larynx transplant with Motörhead's Lemmy as the donor, but she can certainly *sing*.

For the next hour-and-a-half, Bonnie and her five-piece backing band stampede through 15 quality songs which flit across Hard Rock, beefy Blues, catchy US-style AOR and out-and-out Pop. In the UK she's known mainly for tunes like 'Lost In France' — fortunately omitted from tonight's proceedings — plus 'It's A Heartache' and her No. One hit 'Total Eclipse Of The Heart'. These days she's valiantly trying to put the embarrassing 'teen mania' years behind her, concentrating on something more wholesome.

As anybody who bought last year's patchy yet brilliant 'Hide Your Heart' LP will testify, Bonnie has grown into a fully-fledged rocker with the assistance of some highly credible cohorts. The album had several top-notch tunes, and Bonnie played *most* of 'em tonight; the Desmond Child/Paul Stanley/Holly Knight composition 'Hide Your Heart', a dynamite song with powerful guitar stabs that must have caused some Yuppies to drop their Filofaxes in astonishment; the heart-wrenching 'Save Up All Your Tears', another song penned by Child in a vein that John Waite carries off so well; new single 'Notes From America'; the emotive 'Streets Of Little Italy'; plus the wonderful Jim Steinman-penned pair of 'Total Eclipse . . .' and 'Faster Than The Speed Of Night'. To my dismay the excellent 'Take Another Look At Your Heart' (written once again by Child and the mega-talented Michael Bolton) was passed over, but then you can't have everything.

However, Bonnie is held back by her lacklustre stage presence. When she played at last year's Reading Festival she came across as a ferocious tiger, snarling and spitting out the 'F' word every time she was hit by a plastic bottle or a can, but without the motivation of that barrage of objects she tended to appear static and nervous. It wasn't until the frantic applause awarded 'Total Eclipse . . .' that she discarded the mike stand and began to show off a little.

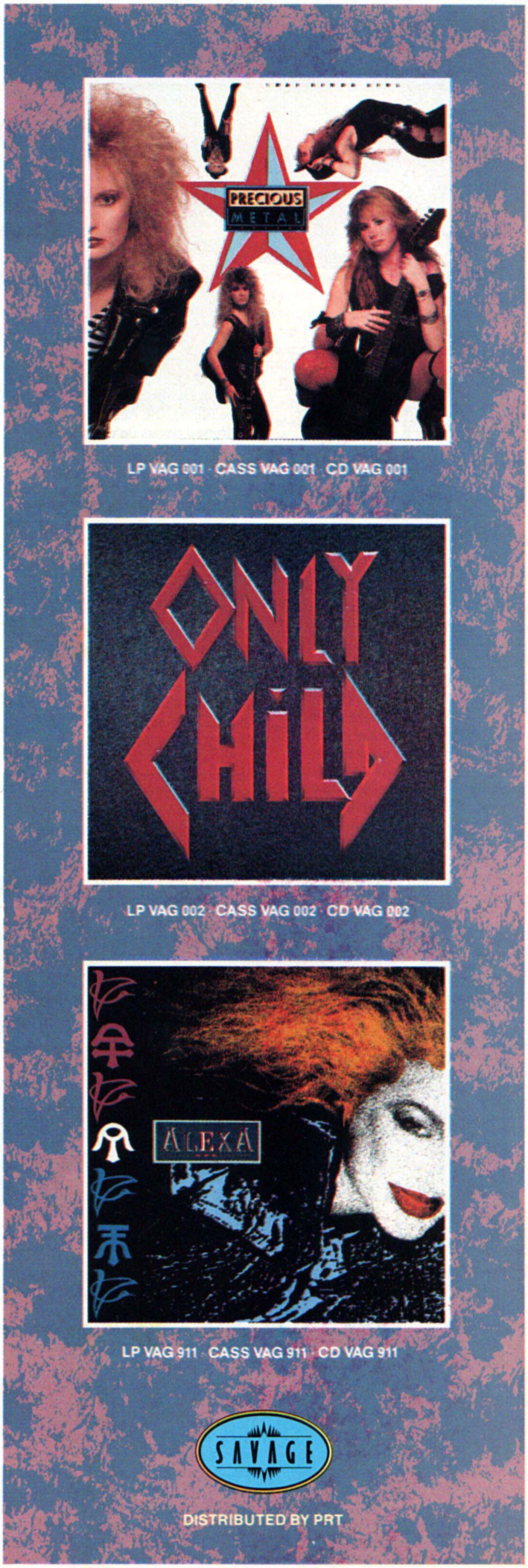
All the same, this was a dramatic show from an artist who adds new dimensions to the term 'unfashionable'. It's easy to make criticisms when you bear in mind that Bonnie's best songs were all written by other people, but you simply can't knock a show like this in terms of the quality in every tune.

Manufactured she might well be, but at least it's not to the standards of British workmanship!

DAVE LING

PIC P G BRUNELLI

BONNIE TYLER: GOING FOR A ROCKIER IMAGE



RICK HUNOLT...

EXODUS/ACID REIGN
Queen's Hall, Bradford
8.1.89
Verdict: All good stage-bustin', violent fun

EXODUS LIVE define everything that is great about modern-day Metal. Two dates into the 'Fabulous Disaster' tour and, despite the obvious hiccoughs, assorted teething problems and acts of God (such as vocalist Steve Souza and guitarist Rick Hunolt disappearing through the stage at varying points during the hour-long set!), the Bay Area quintet still managed to reduce ALL would-be competition to the ranks of waxwork dummies.

In this respect, it is rather unfair to compare UK hopefuls Acid Reign to their elders. Yet with the release of their second album, 'The Fear'(reviewed elsewhere in this issue), AR have effectively been placed in a position where the critics amongst us will constantly attempt to draw parallels and invite contrast between them and their peers. Not a comfortable position to be in, but one that is unavoidable if the Harrogate outfit are to progress and gain a wider audience; what's more a position that the boys, judging by the strength of their new material, could well turn to their advantage.

Since I last collided with the five during their support slot at Suicidal Tendencies' Brixton gig (see review Issue Nine), the Reign crew have tightened things up considerably with guitarists Adam and Kev locking in perfectly to kick out some fine twin leads and harmonised riffs, not to mention the odd nifty solo. The everpresent fun, games and humour, however, is starting to become a little overbearing, with a cover of Bad News' 'Warrior Of Genghis Khan' emphasising the fact that Acid Reign simply have to decide whether they intend to remain as a comedy cult Thrash act or else inject a modicum of professionalism into the scheme of things. They should not be allowed to waste their talents.

As far as Exodus are concerned, however, 'waste' is clearly not a term that this five-man decapitation squad appear to be familiar with. Every inch of the stage, every conceivable excuse for unadulterated aural assault is exploited to the full. They annihilated the Astoria in London in June '88. They *killed*. But tonight their boundless energy had to content itself with merely drilling holes in the boards...

Despite Steve 'Zetro' Souza's undoubted command of the front of the stage, the band's focal point lies in guitarists Hunolt and Gary Holt, without question the finest six-string partnership in Metal today. The 'H' team fretwork simply bristles with inventiveness, the strange psychopathic element making its disturbing presence felt on opener 'The Last Act Of Defiance', and continuing through 'Chemi-Kill', 'Brain Dead' and 'Like Father, Like Son' to the last chord of the set.

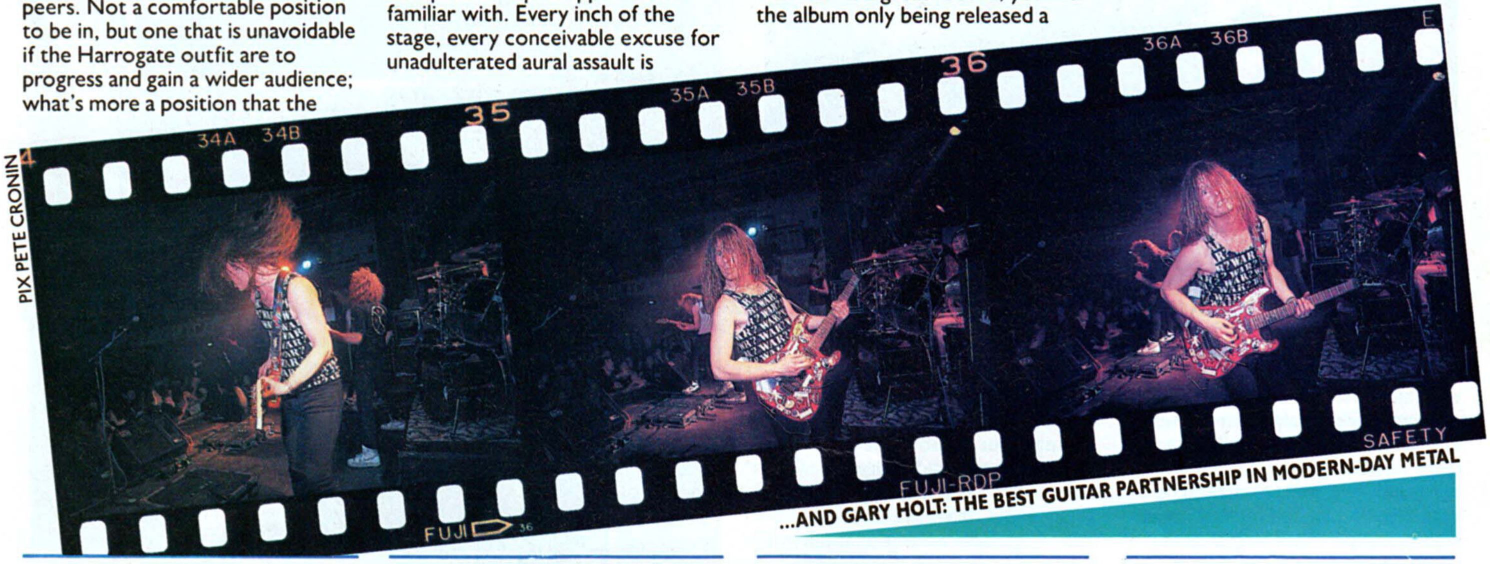
The energy of the quintet has to be seen to be believed, although tonight they aren't quite firing on all six. It rocks hard, but the set is somewhat truncated and lacks the old material to solicit a truly gonzoid response. Sure, 'Fabulous Disaster' is a great record, yet with the album only being released a week prior to the tour there is a noticeable lack of recognition of the seven new tracks on offer.

The band realize soon enough. It moves up a gear. Hunolt puts a rare foot wrong, falls through the stage following an adventurous bid to dive down from one of the speaker stacks and yet *still* manages to get straight back down to bruisin' basics. Holt covers up with the help of bassman Rob McKillop and pound merchant Tom Hunting, who just soldier on relentlessly.

It begins to hit stride, but the late start of the show leads to a shortened set, encores of 'Strike Of The Beast' and 'Cajun Hell' sealing the proceedings in violent style.

Not a classic gig then, but one that emphasised the mediocrity that has long engulfed the industry. In simple terms, there ain't no-one who can touch 'em! Miss 'em on the second leg of this tour at your peril.

PHIL ALEXANDER



...AND GARY HOLT: THE BEST GUITAR PARTNERSHIP IN MODERN-DAY METAL

DIESEL PARK WEST
Arts Centre, Poole
7.2.89
Verdict: Promising but static.

THE LAST time I was at the Poole Arts Centre, Eric Carr was sitting in a tank and my brain was still spinning from a lunatic chase down the M3. 95 mph in a mini with Bonutto and Dome telling me to go "FASTER!" lest we miss a single solitary chord of the impending Kiss show.

This trip was a little more sedate and, in keeping with that, Diesel Park West play a somewhat more subdued form of rock 'n' roll than do Kiss. Theirs is a music based more on structure and form than flash-bomb and fury. But it is none-the-less powerful.

I was impressed by DPW's debut album 'Shakespeare Alabama' (reviewed in Issue 11) and wanted to check if they could match it live. Seeing a band in a support slot — in this case to Big Country — is not always the best way to establish this, however. Too often, too much can go wrong when you are not pulling the strings. But the headliners had allowed the five-piece Leicester outfit plenty of light and PA, a soundcheck even, and certainly enough room to manoeuvre.

And herein lies the rub...

Diesel Park West deliver a great fusion of '60s pop and '80s raw rock 'n' roll. Songs like 'Jackie's Still Sad' and the ridiculously catchy 'All The Myths On Sunday', the last single, show a lyrical depth and power to guitarist/vocalist John Butler's songwriting, and the band's performance of these songs is exemplary. They are tighter than the proverbial duck's bottom. But...

Goddammit, they don't MOVE! I couldn't tell whether the five were a little intimidated by their support status, but they hardly seemed to move *at all*. I want action, I want dance, I want animation with my music!

Other than that I think they show a lot of promise. Nice to hear good songs elegantly played once again. Go to it, boys.

DAVE DICKSON

GYPSY QUEEN/LARRIKIN
Salisbury Arts Centre
9.2.89
Verdict: Sex and songs and rock 'n' roll.

GYPSY QUEEN were excellent. This statement is somewhat surprising coming from a person (like myself) who's always had respect for the band's backbreaking workrate in the UK, but several deep-rooted reservations concerning their musical worthiness.

They've been away for a while — victims of legal wranglings with their former producer, Jack Douglas — but now they're back for another 18-date trek, with work on a second LP well underway.

The relatively new Liverpudlian quartet Larrikin will be supporting on all but three of these shows, but they'll be keen to forget tonight's first-gig-of-tour disaster. Y'see, Larrikin are a boil-in-the-bag version of Dokken. Paul Hurst's guitar work dominates plodding, ordinary rockers like 'Burn It Down', 'No Guts No Glory' and the George Lynch-inspired intro to 'Poison Passion'. They also play a stunningly inadequate cover of the Springsteen/Patti Smith classic 'Because The Night' that makes the stomach churn.

"You feelin' alright?" enquired vocalist Tony O'Hara, adding that they "appreciated the hell" out of our support in a hideous mock-Californian accent. Yukkk!

PIC CHARLIE BEST

A MATTIOLI SISTER: RAISE YOUR FIST AND YELL!

Florida's Gypsy Queen burst onto the Salisbury stage in an unstoppable blur of colour, sound and ginger manes. The three-piece backing band (comprising drummer Kenny Wendland, bassist Joey Ojeda and wild axeman Scott Migone) weren't in the mood to pussyfoot about, supplying a quality backdrop for the GQ focal point, twin sisters Pam and Paula Mattioli.

To my relief, the emphasis of the hour-long set was diverted from their patchy 'Gypsy Queen' debut LP (even Paula had previously admitted to me that "we let a lot of 'good enoughs' go by on that record"), with only '(Hey) Are You Ever Satisfied' and the crunching 'Radio', plus 'War And Peace' from the 'Snarl 'n Stripes' EP representing their recorded work.

It was a well-conceived selection that utilised various props and outfits to link the songs, with no less than seven stunning new numbers making their influence felt.

The recently-written tunes take average material from the first LP like 'I Still Care', 'Love Is A Shadow' and the pathetic 'She Wants To Uhn' and shove them firmly down the waste disposal chute where they belong.

Think I'm exaggerating? Listen out for the sleazy 'Liberty Loves Company' (nothing to do with Anthrax, the twins only having recently discovered the song of the same name on the latter's 'State Of Euphoria' album), the sophisticated 'Nervous Breakdown', the anti-A.I.D.S. message of 'Dancin' With A Stranger' and the dramatic sermonising of 'There's A Devil In Heaven', another tune about TV evangelists that was introduced by a rap along the lines of "do you want to be saved? Well, send me 100 quid."

But the biggest shock was when the band encored with an unexpected Sabs medley that included 'Black Sabbath', 'War Pigs', 'Sweet Leaf', 'Iron Man' and the predictable 'Paranoid', dripping blood and entrails all over the floor of the venue, ironically a former house of worship!

To close, GQ played their sentimental new single 'Take Care Of Yourself', gradually leaving the stage one by one as taped keyboards brought things to a close. An original way of saying 'goodnight Salisbury' without the clichés.

Tonight Pam and Paula were captivating. Consider me a convert.

DAVE LING

THE BIGGEST BAND IN THE WORLD

NICKY MOORE JOHN McCOY TUBBY VINNIE BIG MAC

ARE

MAMMOTH

THE SINGLE – 'CAN'T TAKE THE HURT'

THE DATE – 21ST FEBRUARY

FROM THE FORTHCOMING ALBUM

MAMMOTH

JIVE

MOTH T3

WARRANT
The Roxy, Los Angeles
23.1.89
Verdict: Breaking no new ground, but stomping gleefully over well-trodden turf

ACCORDING TO his review back in Issue Ten, Malcolm Dome was somewhat disappointed with Warrant's recently released debut album ('Dirty Rotten Filthy Stinking Rich') – something about their failure to create a clear identity. The Suterian point of view was actually more favourable, quite eyebrow-raising in view of the distaste they had earned from yours truly for their genuinely moron-level self-promotion over the year before their CBS deal.

Of course, it was exactly the right thing to do to get a large Hollywood following, but that's another story. So the chance to check out the band as they attempted to stake their claim for a place in the *real* world outside Hollywood was definitely not to be sniffed at. A year ago Warrant represented the peak of achievement in Tinsel Town – a top-drawing club act – but now the time has come to look at a broader canvas and contemplate whether they can ever amount to world-class contenders.

Back in the bad old days, Warrant represented themselves as juvenile, sex-crazed morons; they still insist on being introduced as 'the world's horniest rock 'n' roll band!', but that didn't stop vocalist Jani Lane from marrying his long-time girlfriend on Valentine's Day, and it also won't help to gloss over the fact that only two of the band look like a threat to *your* girlfriend's monogamy. Mercifully, they do seem to have realised that Hollywood is not a microcosm of the real world, and most of the ephemera has now been canned in favour of good old-fashioned rock.

The band break no new ground, but at least they're streets ahead of anything to creep out of LA since G n' R, blessed with both good songs and a reasonable standard of musicianship. They also have one major weapon in the shape of Jani Lane, who combines an outstanding vocal ability with the kind of effusive aplomb guaranteed to win over anything short of a drunken homicidal redneck.

Not that this crowd of faithful Warrant fans needed any encouragement to welcome the band's first performance on home turf in over six months; the show was more of a celebration than an acid test, but it *did* indicate that the tour dates they've played recently have turned Warrant into something more than a Hollywood novelty. Energy abounded, and even before the end of opener 'So Damn Pretty' guitarists Erik Turner and Joey Allen had been hoisted onto the shoulders of Lane and bassist Jerry Dixon for the band's party trick.

The energy continued unabated, the five proceeding to run through the bulk of their album;

WARRANT: ERIK TURNER GETS A LIFT FROM JERRY DIXON

PIC ANNAMARIA DISANTO

surprisingly, the subtle melodic strength of 'In The Sticks' and the blatant commercialism of 'Sometimes She Cries' didn't make the cut, but no Warrant performance would be complete without the tour-de-force balladry of 'Heaven', which proved to be as big a winner on stage as it is on vinyl.

'Heaven' aside, however, Warrant are not a spectacular band, more a purposeful rock 'n' roll outfit with a clear leaning towards pop – shades of Cheap Trick, in fact – although at encore time they seemed to get confused, delivering snatches of The Who's 'Squeezebox' (pun intended) and Priest's 'Living After Midnight', abandoning their more melodic stance in favour of some basic rock 'n' roll.

Warrant *do* seem to be looking more towards having fun than making a name for themselves as a musical force, but to be fair there's room for a few fun bands around – and the bulk of what Warrant have to offer is indeed pure entertainment.

PAUL SUTER

RUNNING WILD
Marquee Club, London
5.2.89
Verdict: Mediocrity personified

IT'S HARD to sum up exactly what went wrong tonight without sounding biased against these self-styled buccaneer bimbos from Germany.

Tonight I'd expected cutlasses, eye patches, crow's nests and a lifetime supply of skulls and crossbones, but what we got was a very average rock band with no gimmicks or stageshow. What a shame. Running Wild came, tried hard, but eventually disappeared up their own backsides.

In all fairness, things weren't exactly easy for the band; regular drummer Ian Findley (an Englishman!) was unable to play, leaving Mekong Delta man Jörg to fill in with aplomb.

I applaud their swashbuckling wit — anybody who calls themselves Rock 'N' Rolf is OK in my book — but the band's generic Aryan approach will always restrain their progress. That's not intended to be as racist as it probably sounds, but until vocalist/guitarist Rolf can improve his accent then it'll be impossible to take 'em seriously.

Similarly, the songwriting is far from perfect, most of tonight's 13 songs suffering from unimaginative arrangements and repetitive delivery. With 'Prisoner Of Our Time', 'Port Royal' and the hilarious 'Under Jolly Roger' they came close to getting it right, boosting the optimism but floundering as they hit the brainless choruses.

Some of Running Wild's material is *unbelievably* dull, such as the completely inept 'Raise Your Fist' and 'Raging Fire', milestones in moronic mainstream Metal; kinda like the Scorpions without the sting. And *somebody* should've taken the fellas to one side and told 'em that nobody except stadium-level acts can get away with extended bass and drum solos these days. This is 1989!

Until Running Wild begin to develop an identity of their own they're headed down a one way street. I don't think they'll be back. Walk the plank, me hearties!

DAVE LING

RUNNING WILD VOCALIST/GUITARIST ROCK 'N' ROLF: "IF I CLOSE MY EYES MAYBE THE REVIEW WILL IMPROVE!"

PIC CHARLIE BEST

45 Revolvers
REVIEWED BY DAVE LING

ALEXA
'We Don't Remember Why'
(Savage 7 VAG 903)

PRODUCED, ENGINEERED, played on and, dare I say it, *manufactured* by hugely respected US AOR-ster Paul Sabu and co-written by Joe Lynn Turner, you'd expect this to be well above the norm.

Bearing the easily recognisable Sabu traits, 'We Don't Remember Why' *isn't* the best track from the LA-based female vocalist's debut album (reviewed this issue), but it's pretty stunning all the same. The keyboards (provided by Tommy Rude) form a dynamic partnership with Sabu's guitar, giving the song an edge of *genuine* class.

Check it out.

THE GODFATHERS
'Night Tracks Radio One Session'
(Strange Fruit SFNT019)

THIS 12" EP dates back to May 1986 when The Godfathers were invited to record four tracks for *Radio One*'s Night Tracks programme.

So here we have a lukewarm version of 'If I Only Had Time' (the Vic Maile-produced cut on the 'Birth, School, Work, Death' LP is *far* heavier), the slightly superior 'I'm Unsatisfied' and 'I Want Everything', plus what sounds like an horrific re-recording of The Beatles' 'She Loves You', now re-titled 'I Want You'!

Wait for the new album (scheduled for March/April on Epic).

NEW MODEL ARMY
'Vagabonds'
(EMI NMA8)

WITH 'STUPID QUESTIONS' NMA finally broke into the singles charts in a big, big way. Thought they'd never manage it myself, but there you go.

So will 'Vagabonds' keep up the pace? Possibly.

It's a little more obscure in content, starting with a solo *violin* section, with Justin Sullivan's lead vocals kicking in later displaying their usual charismatic fervour.

Not to my own particular taste — I much prefer the more accessible 'I Love The World' from their new 'Thunder And Consolation' LP — but it's easy to understand the band's appeal for those with more adventurous inclinations.

CRAZYHEAD
'Have Love, Will Travel'
(Parlophone SGE 2025)

A DRUNKEN, shambolic cover that'll almost certainly assist these five louts in their rapid rise to notoriety.

The original, so Phil Alexander informs me, was performed by a '60s Garage Band from Seattle called The Sonics, and Porkbeast's mob have delivered a suitably grubby interpretation that sticks in the memory banks for several hours after only one or two hearings.

Always the sign of a good tune.

BARNEY BLAGGER'S

backchat

EXCLUSIVE

ALIEN BAND SET TO TOUR EARTH

★ AS THE Space Age enters a mid-life crisis, word has reached *BBBC* that a rock band hailing from the planet Uranus are planning to visit us in the very near future.

The band in question are called **Intense Mutilation** and describe their music as, '*Planetcore with elements of Urano-humour thrown in for good measure*'. They've already built up a sizeable following on their home territory, where their first LP, 'Appetite For Large Asteroids Covered In Astro Dust', is the biggest selling Hard Rock album ever. The fact that it's the *only* Hard Rock record yet released on Uranus (where Acieed Space Dust is the most popular form of music at present) is slightly irrelevant.

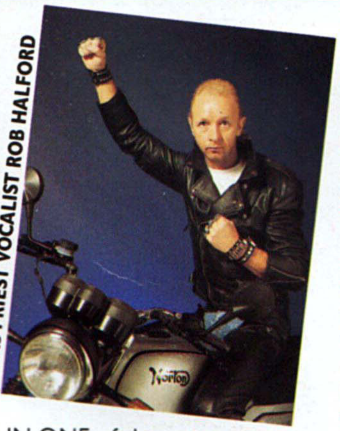
The trio — **Pungent Vomit**, **Fetus F★★ker** and **Jack Shit** — are hoping that this visit to Earth will inspire others to make the reverse trip. Already **Don Dokken** has been on the phone to a major promoter on Uranus suggesting that guitarist **George Lynch** should be offered a 20-date tour of the planet — *without* the aid of an oxygen mask!

Intense Mutilation first made contact with Earth via **Kevin Snotrag**, a Thrash Metal fan from Bognor Regis, who was playing his **Obituary** album so loudly one day that the sound traversed the millions of miles to Uranus, catching the ear of Mr. Shit whilst he was taking a piss one morning.

"Until we heard this sound, we all thought that the most intelligent being on Earth was a sloth-like creature with one brain cell and a propensity for eating sand castles covered in sea weed."

Chris Holmes was unavailable for comment.

PRIEST TAPES FOUND BURIED ON MARS



JUDAS PRIEST VOCALIST ROB HALFORD

★ IN ONE of the most incredible discoveries this century, an unmanned space probe, recently sent to the planet Mars, has dug up some Heavy Metal tapes, buried years ago beneath the surface of the Red Planet!

The BNI probe (the first venture into space from the mysterious Lower-West Neasden Meringue Eaters Society For Insomniacs) was launched in strict secrecy at the back of Mickey's Fish Bar (Accrington) several months ago, and fuelled by pigeon droppings has been charting a steady course towards the planet that has long inspired fantastic tales of alien life forms. Its mission was to explore the Martian surface and also to take geological samples to a depth of several feet.

However, no-one was prepared for what has been discovered. For lying just beneath the top soil at the very spot where the probe landed (a spot experts have long called Clacton in honour of its astrophysical similarity to the famed English resort) were found tapes marked 'British Steel'. Further investigation suggests that these are indeed the *original master tapes* for **Judas Priest**'s 'British Steel' LP, stolen some nine years ago.

An explanation has yet to be forthcoming, although a former representative of the PMRC has claimed that this proves the presence of an intergalactic criminal organisation who nefariously spirit away HM album master tapes and add in backwards messages.

"This," said Mrs. **Agnes Scum** from a padded cell at the **Syd Barrett** Home For The Mentally Unfortunate, "proves what we've been claiming for years. Obviously, this particular theft was uncovered before the 'doctoring' could be achieved and the tapes subsequently returned without anyone noticing. Therefore, the offending items were simply buried. I'm sure we'll find other such LPs buried on Mars."

ROCK BANDS IN PLUTO TOUR SENSATION

SCANNER VOCALIST MICHAEL M.A.J.O.R. KNOBLICH CAUGHT IN SECRET REHEARSALS FOR THE BAND'S FORTHCOMING TOUR OF PLUTO

★ OK, SO just where do you go after the national tour, the European tour and the world tour? Well, howzabout the SOLAR SYSTEM TOUR?! For years astronomers have told us that there are no clear signs of intelligent life in our solar system, but *BBBC* can exclusively reveal that there is in fact a thriving Hardcore scene on the planet Jupiter and a snowballing NWOMHM (New Wave Of Martian Heavy Metal) movement on Mars, where the latest **Atrophy** album has topped the charts for the past eight zilogons.

Proof of this amazing development came this week in the form of Pluto's premier rock promoter, **Xyghjklm** 'Maurice' **Bdjmwpvrsl**, who arrived on Earth in his personalised flying saucer to secure the services of German band **Scanner** and attempt to reform late US outfit **Warrior** for a tour of Pluto later this year.

Said a close friend of Scanner vocalist and 'sonic decapitator' **Michael** M.A.J.O.R. **Knoblich**: "Scanner are just as big on Pluto as they are in Japan, even though their albums have only previously been available on import. It's a real rock 'n' roll place but, like Belfast, not many bands go there and the kids are starved of Metal."

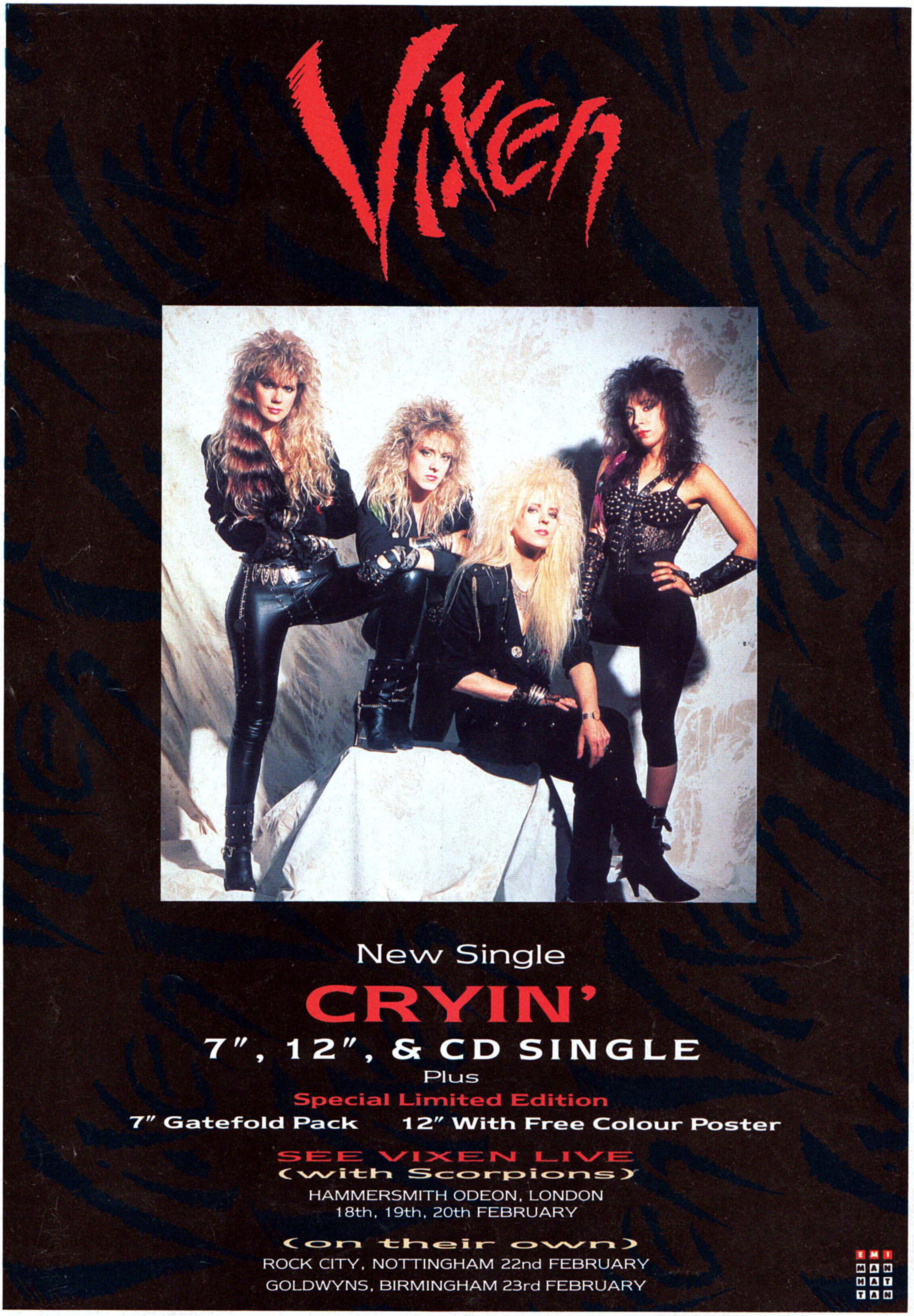
Bdjmwpvrsl, who took time off from a Petticoat Lane shopping trip to talk to our reporter, said: "I've always been a big fan of Scanner especially, and I hope to set up many more Metal tours in the future. I'm planning a Humans Of Rock festival for this Summer, in fact. Your Earthling bands will just love Pluto, the groupies are amazing . . . long green hair, legs that go up to their ears, two heads and eyeballs the size of belisha beacons!"

A bit like those in Poland, in fact.

Incidentally, I know there are those in the past who have pointed in terror at little green men struggling through the mud at the Donington and Reading festivals. Fear not. Far from being a strike force of 'V'-style aliens these were in fact photographers covered in the contents of the plastic bottles hurled towards the stage, otherwise known as UFOs (Unidentified Filled-Up Objects).

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"There's a great deal of soul and blues in what we present and I think it was welcomed with open arms . . . and legs apparently." — **David Coverdale** (**Whitesnake**), talking about the band's huge success last year.



Vixen
New Single
CRYIN'
7", 12", & CD SINGLE
Plus
Special Limited Edition
7" Gatefold Pack
12" With Free Colour Poster
SEE VIXEN LIVE
(with Scorpions)
HAMMERSMITH ODEON, LONDON
18th, 19th, 20th FEBRUARY
(on their own)
ROCK CITY, NOTTINGHAM 22nd FEBRUARY
GOLDWYNS, BIRMINGHAM 23rd FEBRUARY
EMI MANHATTAN